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What We are Talking About

By William Marion Reedy

Our Imperturbable Aplomb.

LET us be perfectly frank with ourselves. Honestly, now, does it look in and about St. Louis as if the approach of the World's Fair opening makes any difference in the business life of the town? The Fair opening is only four months away. The old town isn't in the least excited. We don't hear even of any arrangements being made for the festivities in the way of ceremonies and parades. The railroads entering the city haven't yet put out their World's Fair posters and folders. The hotel managers maintain their old time equanimity. The clamor for new hotels has died down. We don't hear that there is any passenger congestion at the Union Station. The street cars are not any more crowded than they were six months ago. The restaurants are not running to standing room only, and the theaters, while doing better than the theaters anywhere else in the country, are not choked full at night. We don't hear even that the gambling houses are opening up, though there has been a general opening up of dance halls in the neighborhood of the bad lands. The saloons report no increased business. General business is good, compared with conditions elsewhere, but it is nothing to what expectations were entertained of it a year ago. The St. Louis public is rather surprised at the dullness, though, of course, they must know that while business is a little slack, it would be slacker but for the World's Fair activities. The great wholesale houses are not sending out their drummers. They are waiting for the people to come in to the Fair. All the business men are waiting for the announcement of what the railroads are going to do. Everybody feels that there must come a great change in the next three and a half months, if any of the promises of the Fair projectors are to be immediately fulfilled. Many people do not realize, however, that the World's Fair accretions to the population are lost in the general proportions of the city, and that while the World's Fair contingent is a city in itself, that contingent is lost in the West End of town, and while that contingent's coming has undoubtedly swelled the volume of local business, its business has been spread out so generally as not to be noticeable in chunks here and there. The condition is not exactly one of dullness. It is one of calm. It is a sort of pause to gather breath for the great rush that is coming upon us just as soon as the weather shall break. There is no need to grow pessimistic about Fair prospects. The condition is better than we know. We habitants have not noticed changes that are patent to those who have been away and returned. We don't know, until people from other places tell us, how much more activity there is here than elsewhere. We have not felt the swelling or the swiftness of the current of things here, because we have been gradually and unconsciously uplifted and borne along with it. Most of us do not observe, anyhow. We are plugging away at our own tasks, and not looking about for signs of what others are doing. Then there have been a few months of hard times, and once we get to telling about hard times

we don't get over it till long after the hard times have passed. There is no reason why we should listen to anyone who, pointing to the state of affairs now, says that the Fair must go over to 1905. Conditions are as near all right as they ever are anywhere. I predict that during the very acme of World's Fair excitement most of us in our places of business down town will hardly be aware that the Fair is in progress. There will be some thousands of St. Louisans who will never see the Fair at all, and not half of us will see more than about one-fifth of it. We may go through the grounds, but we won't have any idea of the Fair, aside from its general effect. Really, the Fair is becoming only an incident. We don't talk much about it, unless we meet some stranger who wants to know. The event is not going to set the city wild. It may revolutionize some things here, but the revolution will not be sudden. Taking it all in all, we are taking the Fair very calmly. We are not any crazier about it than Paris was about its World's Fair. It doesn't make us self-conscious or boastful. We are not swept away. There are some persons, true, who may say that all this is so, but that it means apathy, lethargy, stagnation. They may tell us that we haven't had sense enough to "get a move on us," that we are "dead ones," etc., etc. Such persons do us injustice. We are only acting as cosmopolitans. This is a big city, and a World's Fair isn't anything more than an unusually large and pretty bazaar or picnic held in an outlying wood. We look at it as New York looks at one of Dry Dollar Tim Sullivan's clam-bake excursions. To us Dave Francis is only giving an outing to the faithful. The town isn't turned upside down, nor inside out. The town is too big for such a frame of mind. We are not like Kansas City, that turns out *en masse* to a flower show or a horse show or a cattle show. St. Louis is Cosmopolis. It has all the sang froid of Cosmopolis. It has acquired an "imperturbable aplomb." St. Louis a year hence will not know it had a World's Fair. As was written of India, so of us it shall be said: "She heard the legions thunder past, then turned to dream again."



His Son-in-Law.

MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is back from Europe. We didn't know how much we missed William Jennings as a public figure until his departure threw his preposterous new son-in-law into such disgustingly high relief. "Count no man happy till he be dead," was an ancient apothegm, but we may change it to read "count no man happy until you've seen what a son-in-law he draws from the dealer of the game of life."



Ugly Charges.

GENERAL WILSON has given some testimony in the Wood case that impeaches either the President's veracity or his memory. It is unfortunate indeed that there are so many people in this country who have had dealings with the President, who lament the fact

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that the President doesn't remember accurately or talk by the card. In Washington it is no uncommon thing to hear it asserted about a number of particular matters that Roosevelt lied to so-and-so about such-and-such a thing. In public matters it is known that he has talked one way and acted in another way. It is no wonder that the people who have been and are closest to him have the least confidence in his professions or statements.



Boost or Knock.

GROVER CLEVELAND can say nothing better, nor worse, for Judge Alton B. Parker, than that he at one time contemplated making Parker Second Assistant Postmaster General. The country is still trying to find out whether Grover intended the saying as a "boost" or a "knock." Grover is becoming cryptic in his declining years.



Olney's Strength.

JUST at present Mr. Olney of Massachusetts seems to be a little ahead of all the other "prominently mentioned" Democratic presidential possibilities. Olney will be the second choice of most Cleveland Democrats. Gorman overreached himself when he tried to make an issue of Panama in spite of Southern sentiment in favor of the canal. Bryan's strength is not likely to go to Olney, if the money issue is to be kept alive, as some present conditions indicate it will be, but Olney in conflict with his own Venezuelan jingoism was a pretty good anti-imperialist, and that may give him strength with the element who were with Bryan on that issue mainly. Olney is the man the Eastern business men would name, after Cleveland, if they had the naming of the President. Olney's little "spiel" to Tammany, at its recent jollification, has helped him with the country at large. Temporarily, Olney is the favorite in the betting; but the race is a long one and a long way off.



The Menken.

SOME one has discovered that Adah Isaacs Menken didn't write the poems in the little volume "Infelice," published many years ago. 'Tis a late discovery, but 'twas made before. The Menken did not write her poems. Some persons say Swinburne wrote them for her; others that Dickens penned them. Swinburne didn't, for he couldn't write so poorly. Dickens might have done so, for he had a genius, at times, for twaddle. Maybe Victor Hugo did them for her in French, and some one translated them for her into English. The Menken did not need to write poetry. She was and she lived a poem, a red and black and gold and flesh-colored poem. She had a century of lovers, from the aged Jew banker to Victor Hugo, with John C. Heenan, the prize fighter, in the middle distance. The Menken had Swinburne at her feet. Imagine a woman with a Swinburne for a lover! And Hugo. The author of "Hernani" making love to her—the father of romanticism romancing to her. If for nothing else than having inspired these men for a few days, she deserves her immortality. She was an Irish girl originally. Love made her a cosmopolite. Her lovers would have made an anthropological exhibit. She had a perfect figure. She gained fame by displaying it copiously, in tights, strapped upon a horse, as *Mazeppa*. She was a maddening woman of utter irresponsibility, multitudinously faithless, compelling numberless forgivenesses. She was innocently wicked and wickedly innocent. Men "burned money" lavishly for her. She lived like a princess, and died a pauper. She pretended to literary ability and so some poet, infatuated, wrote her a book of

poems which she had published with an introduction by Dickens. The title poem is very good of its sort. It is a sort of lament for her own life. She was a light-of-love about whose name there gathers a glamour of story that time will not let die any more than it will let pass into extinguishment the pathetic off-color glory of Nell Gwynn or Lola Montez. Men loved her in spite of herself and themselves. She had a simple goodness utterly unrelated to morality—and to think of the millions of good women who have died and left no name!



Women With No History.

SPEAKING of those bad-good women who are enshrined in romantic remembrance in all lands, while their pious and ascetic sisters sleep the long sleep uncelebrated and unknown, I am reminded of the incident that occurred when Paul Bourget, the French novelist, at a little dinner given him in the East, was brought to task by a moralist because of the character of women with whom his fiction and French fiction generally seemed preferably to deal at all times. "Why is it that your fiction and drama deals so extensively with bad women?" he was asked. The Frenchman looked calmly at his interlocutor and said: "When you have said a woman is a good woman what more is there to say?" And so it is; nothing interesting happens to the good woman. It is the bad woman whose emotions have play, whose errancies lead her into situations and confront her with problems. The woman with a past always has a story in her. It is part of the penalty of the past. She has in her heart and soul a battle-ground the most interesting that we know. Men and women want to know the strifes that have raged there. M. Bourget was, and is, right. And yet he is only partly right. Mary Wilkins Freeman has shown us indeed that very good women have in themselves very good stories, and Edith Wharton's latest story, "Sanctuary," deals with a sweetheart's problem and a mother's tragedy in a way at once delicate and strong, and with a psychological mensuration as searchingly artistic as Bourget's own. If any of my readers want to read a real story of a moral struggle full of power and pathos, and splendid with triumph for the right, I recommend them to read "Sanctuary." But still it remains too largely true that to the good woman little happens that can be formed into a story. It is too bad for art, perhaps. And yet, not altogether too bad. It is good to reflect that "happy is the woman who has no history."



The Tide Against Teddy.

IF any one doubts that every power that can possibly be exerted to that end is being concentrated upon the one purpose of defeating Theodore Roosevelt for the nomination for President in the Republican party that person is not thoroughly sane. The big influences in Republicanism are solidly against Roosevelt. All they lack is a man upon whom to unite. They are not certain that Hanna is the man, but he is the only one of anything like the necessary proportions now in sight. The organization of the party is against Roosevelt. The party workers are against him. These people even say that if he should be nominated he will be defeated. His possession of patronage, or rather, his distribution of it, has hurt him. In spite of what he has tried to do for the negro, the "coin" will get a solid Southern delegation against him. And the big influences are not only against him in New York, but in States like Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan. The President is in grave danger of defeat, either for the nomination or in the election, or both. The dislike of him is intense. It

amounts almost to personal hatred. This crops out even in Missouri. The President's popularity is with the people who do not pretend to be "in the know." The closer Republicans are to him, the more they dislike him. They are not sure they could beat him if the nomination were to be made now, but everywhere they are playing for time. In every State there is a strong movement for a late convention to choose delegates to the National convention, in the hope that something will turn up to put Roosevelt to one side. The mugwumps are for him, and they are alarmed. Even the New York *Evening Post*, which has dealt him some hard blows, is now fighting for him in an indirect way. Just what it is that is wrong with Roosevelt in the opinion of disaffected Republicans it is hard to say, but undoubtedly one cause of their dislike is his accidental elevation to the position to which other men in the party have aspired, and the great leverage that gives him in thwarting others' ambitions and disconcerting other and long laid plans. Roosevelt's luck has made men hate him. His cocksureness has made them dislike him. And then, there's that air of something like patronizing everyone, which is found even in his boisterous *bonhomie*. Roosevelt is such a good fellow that his good fellowship is under suspicion. The banner never seems to fit upon him. He is too *de-light-ed* with everything and everybody. With all his power, he has a hard road to travel to the nomination, and, if the Democrats make no mistake, a harder one to travel to election.



Mr. Francis and His Fripperies.

THE world may now proceed to roll on in its accustomed orbit. It has been decided that it is proper to wear evening dress at the Sunday evening receptions held by President and Mrs. Francis. Also the President of the World's Fair has had designed and hoisted for him a special flag which will float from the pole on top of the Administration building only when he is "in" to visitors. We may expect soon to be regaled in the newspapers with interesting, but imaginary stories of issues of precedence among the wives of the World's Fair officials who constitute President Francis' cabinet or court. When these stories come out we shall be told by wiseacres how silly and snobbish it all is, and President Francis will be blamed for it, but the fact is that the President has had nothing to do with these small matters, and the talk about them is the talk of people who have small minds. There must be order in the arrangement of World's Fair matters. There must be thrown about Exposition affairs a certain amount of formality, or style. There is a necessity for some ornateness of procedure, and some impressiveness is needed too. "Democratic simplicity" is all very well in its way, but it is well enough also to adopt some little frills of custom to impress the stranger peoples when they come here. I am prepared to admit that some of the things about the World's Fair social procedure-to-be may smack of charlatanism; but a little theatricality is an effective thing in its place. A President's flag for Mr. Francis impresses some people. A special conveyance for him is necessary in the grounds. Some order of procedure must be established for his cabinet or court, since if there were not, the confusion would be worse than the bickerings the establishment of the order may engender among those not placed as high as they think they should be in the official social scale. Let President Francis have all the little gewgaws and knick-knacks of office that can be given him. They are, after all, but insignia of the importance of his position and testimonials of the value of his services. They do not cheapen him in the eyes

of those who understand him and them. They do rather enhance his dignity in the opinion of many who must have symbols to impress them with subtleties. Let the President have two flags, if he wants them, and three wagons to ride about in, and let the Jefferson Guards salute him as formally as they may. Let the President even enjoy that sort of thing, if it be possible that such a hustler could. He is entitled to all that he can get in this way, for he hasn't got much else. There's no salary that would pay him for what he has done. He has had to bear the brunt of all criticism. If he wishes a flag he is as well entitled to it as an admiral; if a salute, he is as well entitled to it as a general; if a body guard, he is as much in need of it as any man of prominence who may be a "mark" for "cranks" running loose. The small criticisms of the President of the Fair for such small things should be confined to small people. It's time, I think, for St. Louisans to "stand pat" on and for and by the President of the Exposition. It is, and has been, and will be, easy to criticise him, but where would we have been without him? Who could have taken or could now take his place? What other St. Louisan has the nerve, the *savoir*, the indefatigability in a thousand ways, the patience, the jollying capacity, the various adaptabilities of David R. Francis? Dammit, he's entitled to a salute of twenty guns every time he walks forth, when you consider all he has been bucking against for about four years. Do I hear a second?



Bad Language.

JUST above there I said "dammit," and there smites my eye in a daily paper an item about the annual gathering of the Association for the Suppression of Bad Language, in London. The members of this association do not believe in, and are pained to hear cuss words. What very precise and particular people they must be! They are also a little foolish, for, further on in the item in question, I read that they are to have compiled for them a dictionary of substitutes for bad language. They want a dictionary of "By Hokey!" "Judas Priest!!" "Dad-burn it," and, of course, President Roosevelt's "By Godfrey!" Now, bad language is wrong. It is also silly. It stands for, a paucity of ideas, or at least, for a deficiency in fluency of words. A man swears—or a woman, for women *do* swear—because for the instant he or she can't think of anything else to say. But bad language is sometimes impressive. There are swearers who are truly eloquent. We have all known them. They use their swear words or oaths, not as reckless callings upon sacred things or obscenities of misfortune upon others, but simply as utterances for the discharge of inner steam. Their swear words impress us because of the anciently associated ideas about them. They tell us that the user is hot and earnest. But those substitutes are sheer silliness. They emphasize the sacrilege, or blasphemy, or irreverence of the user. They imply that the man who uses them thinks what cuss words used to mean, but says something to disguise his thought. Substitute oaths and cuss words are a prurient affectation. They are meaningless. They have no philological history. They are a sort of adult gibberish, and they convey nothing so much as the idea of a certain impotence in the user. They give one the impression of a nasty-niceness. They are not honest, even if they are proper. They are not more necessary than the words for which they are substituted. There is something honest about an oath. It does relieve the user's feelings. It is inconceivable that the substitutes do such a thing. The Association for the Suppression of Bad Language rather turns upon itself when closing its ears against oaths, it encourages the use of substitutes

therefor. All the substitutes for bad language are themselves bad language. They have no meaning whatever. I agree that men and women should not swear, but methinks I had rather hear them rip out good round oaths than indulge in the insipid and vapid substitutes so commonly heard on the lips of people who have bitterer and meaner curses in the heart because they take time coldly to avoid what they call "bad language." Bad language, after all, is more prevalent among the ignorant, because of a limited vocabulary. Their oaths do service as expression of feelings for which they have no other words. The way to suppress bad language is to educate the people. Giving the people substitutes for bad language only gives them another bad language.



The Rows on 'Change.

MUCH afraid am I that if some of the real speculators in Chicago or New York would read the stories of the lawsuits among local operators on 'Change, they would be justified in calling our St. Louis speculators a lot of "shoe-string gamblers" and "cheap skates" generally. Here are a number of men who sell wheat they haven't got, at a certain figure. On a certain day for settlement, under the rules of the place wherein they trade, they are called to deliver the wheat. They haven't the wheat. Under the rules of the game they have to deliver to those to whom they made the sale a sum of money equivalent to the difference between the price of the wheat when they sold it and the price quoted when called. They could settle in the case of December any day before the first of January. A committee of the Exchange fixed the price of settlement. The men who had sold wheat and couldn't deliver it claim that during the month certain speculators, having an understanding with each other, sold wheat at prices higher than the normal market, just to make the selling price higher for those who, being outside of the understanding, had contracted to deliver wheat at certain prices. Such fake sales are not exactly fair, but they are quite common. Because they are common the Merchants' Exchange fixes a settlement price, that is a price not exactly in accordance with the "boosted" prices of record. The Exchange tries to effect a settlement at a normal price independent of the manipulated prices of the "cornerers." The men who have gone into the game, knowing exactly how it is played, now plead the baby act, and say that they won't pay the settlement price because even that price is affected by consideration of the manipulated prices. They will not take the worst of it, according to the rules they subscribe to when they go into dealing in futures. They won't pay when they lose. They squeal. But not one of them would fail to exact the last eighth of a cent in a deal if they were the men who guessed the market right and were calling for wheat or its equivalent in money. They claim they are cheated, when they went into the deal, knowing just how the game is played, and hoping to do to the others what is now being done to them. They entered the game under a form of contract. Now they repudiate the contract, and they will not even abide by the Exchange's arbitration of the settlement price. And the worst of it is that some of the men now playing the baby act about the December wheat settlement, put the screws remorselessly upon men in similar fix in the settlement on May corn. If every deal between grain speculators on 'Change has to be thrown into the courts, there will be no grain speculation here at all. If the men who play the game will not abide by the rules under which they lose, but only by the rules under which they win, they are not fit to play in a man's game. They want to gamble without taking any chances. They have as little honor as they

have nerve. A man who goes into any deal should take his medicine. Whoever dances should pay the piper. The man who lays down on obligations incurred in a gamble simply should not gamble in the first place. Some of the men on 'Change who are now pleading manipulation are indulging in a form of "welching" as reprehensible as that of the man who plays "markers" on the turf, and won't settle when his judgment is not justified by the results of the events.



Folk and His Friends.

THE Republican papers of this State have had much to say about Democratic rascality in St. Louis and in the State Senate, although the indictments show a preponderance of Republican rascals. They are saying nothing of the revelations of crookedness in the selection of post office sites by the Grand Jury of the Hannibal district. Republican boodlers are as active as Democratic boodlers everywhere. Neither party has a monopoly of those gentry. Yet one would think, to read the Republican papers, that only the Democrats have done wrong in robbing the public. There is no boodle issue as such. Both parties condemn boodlers, and both parties contain boodlers. Both parties punish boodlers when they are caught. It is only in the Democratic party that a party man can be found ready to accept the wholesale Republican condemnation of his party, and willing to make the plea that his nomination and election to high office is the only way to purge his party of boodlism. There is no more reason why a Democrat should say that the issue in his party is between him and boodle, than there is that a Republican should do so. In fact, there have been more Republican boodlers discovered in Missouri than Democratic boodlers, and the greater part of the big boodling flourished in St. Louis under Republican auspices. Yet we don't hear any Republicans saying that the party, as a whole, is responsible for the boodlery of Kratz, and Murrell and Tamblin and Uthoff and others. It is only Mr. Joseph Folk who accuses his own party by allowing himself to be put up by the Republicans as the only man to purify his party. Mr. Folk adopts every accusation made against his party by that party's hereditary enemy as true. Mr. Folk fights his party when he should fight boodle, regardless of party. He identifies his party with boodle by taking an attitude which declares that but for boodlers his party would nominate him for Governor. Mr. Folk says that his own party is corrupt. He says nothing of the other party, because the other party supports him in making charges against his own party. Every Republican charge against the State Democracy, Mr. Folk indorses openly or impliedly, yet he asks for a Democratic nomination. How will he stand for the party if nominated? What can he say when the charges he makes now are made against his party with him at its head by the Republicans? Nothing, except that the charges are all true, but he, Folk, is better than the party. This is a brilliant prospect for the other men who will run on the Democratic ticket with Mr. Folk, if he be nominated. Mr. Folk would be logical if he were an independent candidate, or if he openly allied himself with the Republicans, provided his wholesale charge against his party is true. But the intimation, insinuation or assertion that the Democratic party, or any one party, is the party of boodle is a glaring lie. It is not true in Missouri, where the Democrats are in the ascendant, that there are more Democratic than Republican boodlers. For a minority party the Republicans, as boodlers, have done quite well. They have had more than a legitimate "minority representation" in boodlism. But the Republican papers have puffed Mr. Folk into the position of charging all

hoodleism upon his own party, and then asking the people he so accuses to give him the highest honor in their gift. Mr. Folk is doing Republican work in the disruption of his party. He is furnishing Republicans with ammunition to shell his party, when he might have told the truth, and said out boldly, rather than under his breath, that there are crooks in all parties. There is no boodle issue in the Democracy. Ninety-nine Democrats out of every hundred hate boodle as badly as Folk hates it. The party as a party is no more boodled than Mr. Folk is. And when Mr. Folk fights his party in the abstract take note of this: *he never says a word against the machine or its members. He never mentions the alleged machine crooks who are supposed to be opposing him.* He dodges all the scandals that might touch big men who have or are supposed to have, votes to deliver. Who are the boodle powers out in the State who are opposing Mr. Folk? Why doesn't he name them? Or does he just make a "grand stand play" for party reform while he prepares for dickers with the machine? What kind of a reformer is this anti-boodler who can tie up with Tony Stuever in St. Louis, the man supposed to have "spread the salve" for the breweries at Jefferson City, the man whose beer power kept open more dives in St. Louis than ever were known before? What kind of anti-machine man is Folk when he kills a Grand Jury report against Jim Seibert, the Excise Commissioner, and the brains of the State machine? What kind of a purist is Folk when he accepts the services of such a champion as Tittlebat Titmouse Crittenden, whose administration as Governor still stinks in men's memories? Folk is out for machine support, for boodle support, for dive support, for gambling rake-off support—else he wouldn't make the alliances indicated. Folk is not only a besmircher of his party, but he is a fakir looking for aid from the worst influences and elements in his party. If he can't stand for his machine ridden and crook-ridden party, how can he stand for Seibert, for Stuever, and for Crittenden of the branded brow?



A Correction.

I HAVE received a letter from Mr. Robert C. Pate, in which he asks me to correct a statement made last week, that he had been convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary under a gambling law, and pardoned by Governor Crittenden. Mr. Pate says he "pleaded guilty to save many," and was sentenced to six months in jail, not the penitentiary, and was pardoned as aforesaid. I gladly give publicity to this correction. But Governor Crittenden pardoned Mr. Pate the day Mr. Pate was convicted, and the *Post-Dispatch* celebrated the event by printing Crittenden's picture with the word "thief" upon his forehead, and, underneath, the words, "Bob Pate's Governor." Mr. Bob Pate I have known for many years, and he is a man of whom, aside from the fact that he ran gambling houses, I have never heard a word to his discredit. He is whole infinities bigger in every way than Crittenden. I point inquirers to the files of all the St. Louis daily papers, during Crittenden's term, for the record of this person, Crittenden's, administration, this Crittenden now championing pure government and "vercha." And when I call him Tittlebat Titmouse Crittenden, I am only quoting from some open letters by John D. Finney, letters which the late Joseph B. McCullagh told me were worthy in many respect to rank with the political epistles of "Junius" and of Swift.



The Supreme Court Again.

OUR Missouri Supreme Court isn't afraid to go on deciding cases unpopularly. A section of the trib-

unal has just decided that the law against the giving of trade checks in lieu of cash payment for labor is unconstitutional. The labor agitators have generally denounced the trade check system. They secured the passage of the law in question. The whole State approved the law. The Supreme Court knocks it out. The Supreme Court does this at a time when public whim is strong against the court. It takes this unpopular view of the matter at a time when a court seeking popularity would either evade the decision or decide the other way. The rendering of such a decision at this time, when the court is under fire, is the best possible proof that the court is not corrupt—that it is incorruptible either through ambition or desire for gain.



The Vice Trust.

A BIG story was printed the other day to the effect that a great Vice Trust had been organized to supply this city during the Exposition with young girls of all nationalities for immoral purposes. It is a fake. Unfortunately, the best proof that there is no such trust operating with St. Louis as its center is the hideous fact that there is not in St. Louis any deficiency in the supply of girls for immoral purposes. There are so many of them that the West End is invaded by them. There are so many of them that the police force cannot find an available territory in the city large enough to accommodate the supply. There is no Vice Trust with headquarters in St. Louis. The police have been active in keeping out of the city persons adventuring hither with a view to profiting by the demand of the Exposition multitude for vicious ministrations. The police have suppressed and closed the houses that have been opened to cater to the Fair crowd in this horrible respect. There never was a city better served in the repression of the social evil than St. Louis has been, and during the World's Fair there is to be no "wide open town" for the traffic in bodies and souls. There is no great city in this country cleaner in this regard than St. Louis. In no other city are the streets so free from soliciting nocturnal nymphs. In St. Louis, above all other cities, the greatest social vice is best hidden and it has been scattered only when impractical good people undertook to dictate practical police work. St. Louis police will not stand for any "maiden tribute" syndicate during the Fair, and, furthermore, it is the intention of the heads of the department to concentrate the vice as nearly as possible in one locality. The Vice Trust is one of the tales that help along the Folk idea of the shamelessness of St. Louis. It is a fine thing to damn the town still deeper than it has been damned in the Folk-inspired Steffen articles in *McClure's Magazine*. It's a lie just the same. It's the sort of lie, however, upon which the Folk-for-Governor movement thrives.



Lies and Fakes and Folk.

THAT was a scrumptious lie about the boodlers having met in secret council and drawn straws to determine which one of them should "remove" Circuit Attorney Folk. It was a lie so palpable that no wonder no attention was paid to it by people other than those interested in circulating it to boom Folk. It was said that the lots were drawn by the nineteen members of the old House of Delegates Combine. The lots could not have been drawn by the nineteen, because when Folk started against the nineteen about a dozen of them promptly became State's witnesses. The "squealers" certainly wouldn't be taken into a deal to kill Folk. And there couldn't have been a plot to kill Folk before Folk had done anything to deserve

kill. The *Star* published the story, giving ex-Gov. Charles P. Johnson as authority for it. Ex-Gov. Johnson wrote a letter to all the papers denying the story. He said that one man had threatened, if convicted, to kill himself and Folk, and that Delegate Falkner had dissuaded the threatener from this idea. This letter was sent to all the papers. The *Globe-Democrat* published it. The *Star* didn't retract. The *Republic* wouldn't deny any story that boomed Folk. The *Post-Dispatch* didn't print the denial of Gov. Johnson because the *P.-D.* doesn't admit that the *Star* is on earth. But what a beautiful thing it is that in order to boom Folk the story is sent abroad that the indicted and convicted boodlers are plotting to assassinate him! How it helps the town. How it establishes the community's reputation for law-abidingness! How it makes for a public opinion before which any issue opposed to Folk may be fairly tried! The town has to suffer in every way to boom Folk. Lying stories of plotted assassinations are necessary to picture Folk as a hero. Everything that can injure St. Louis as a community is a boost for Folk. Paint St. Louis as the hell-hole of creation and that is the best praise of Folk. Intimate that the city, with its own consent, is to be converted into an unroofed brothel, and that's good campaign material for Folk. Take a chapter from the Bible—that of Sodom and Gomorrah—and read it through, and then shout "Hurrah for Folk!" The town is hopelessly corrupt, boodlers control everything, vice reigns triumphant, the courts are venal, the assassins lurk at every corner, the hold-up man is omnipresent—there's no man on the square in St. Louis—and no woman, either—except Joe Folk—if you will listen to or read after the men who are booming Folk for Governor. Folk has done good work enough in the past to make him Governor if anything could make him Governor, in despite of his own disagreeable individuality. No one has any fault to find with Folk for what he has fairly, squarely and openly done. But Folk is flourishing mainly on lies and fakes—and lies like that about the Vice Trust, fakes like the "plot to assassinate" him; lies like the "Shamelessness of St. Louis" articles, fakes like the indictments promised in interviews, but never returned into court. If it is necessary to damn St. Louis and all its decent inhabitants to elect Folk Governor, God help us! If Folk should be defeated, are we then all boodlers, perjurers, thieves, assassins and bawds? Some one, looking over my shoulder, says, "You've put that too strong;" but have I done so? I think not. Folk has posed himself or permitted others to pose him as the one pure being standing out against the background of feculence and horror, against an array of horrid shapes of graft and thievery and assassination and vice trusts of various sorts. His pose is a lie and a most damnable lie. No public official was ever supported by popular opinion and money as he has been. No public official was ever so approved by the press without regard to party. No public official ever had his mistakes covered up and glossed over as Folk's have been covered up and glossed over. Yet all the time St. Louis is being "shown up" as a wilfully, generally vile place, and with Folk hopelessly battling against all the cohorts of evil. This is all done for Folk's benefit. It is all to boom Folk. Folk meekly accedes to this wholesale defamation of his fellow-citizens, to the implications conveyed in the stories of vice trusts in young girls and plots of assassination, to make himself stronger in the country as a candidate for Governor. Has Folk ever said a word for decent St. Louis? Has he ever admitted that there is a decent St. Louis? Never. His "lay" is to play the role of the beautiful lily strangely growing in the noisome, festering, rotting swamp.

The Mirror

Arbitration's Triumph.

IT is to be hoped that the settlement of the differences between the St. Louis Transfer Company and its employees in the baggage and parcel delivery and passenger department is of happy augury for the whole business community of St. Louis. This strike bade fair at one time to be but the beginning of a general local strike. It looked for some time as if the New Year would be ushered in with a labor difficulty in St. Louis of mammoth proportions, because so many labor leaders realized so well that strikes here and now would be apt to win out on account of the high pressure of work in all lines consequent upon the World's Fair enterprise. There were fears that the discontent, carefully and industriously fomented by walking delegates, would spread to the employees of all the transportation companies, to all the teamsters and to all the labor unions. "The city is going to reap a harvest"—so ran the argument among the labor leaders—"et us get ours first and make sure." It has plausible. It would have had more effect but for one thing. That was the shutting down of mills and factories in the East and the news that the suddenly unemployed in that section were beginning to drift in this direction. The local labor demand undoubtedly far exceeded the supply up to a short time ago, and under that condition almost any demand upon employers would have been acceded to. Depression in the East, however, broke the market, and the places of those who contemplated striking would only too readily have been taken by the influx of men out of jobs from the East. Furthermore, the men who were itching to strike didn't like the prospect of bucking up against the government and the whole country's interest in the Fair. Then again the atrocities of the carriage drivers' strike in Chicago rather turned the public's stomach against the strenuous sons of toil. But above all things else that saved the situation, was the tact of the president of the Transfer Company, Mr. George J. Tansey, in handling the crisis when it was put "up to him." The whole business community felt that the issue between Mr. Tansey's company and its employees was a test case. As that might eventuate, so would the whole local relationship between employer and employee be affected. The situation was "ticklish" in the extreme and it had to be met with a peculiarly difficult blend of courage and diplomacy. The "differences" had to be prevented from development into "troubles." Mr. Tansey was a sort of "mark" for the unionists, being supposed to be in politics to a certain extent. A man even a little interested in politics is always the man the unions "discipline" as soon as possible. The striker finds "politics" his best aid in getting what he wants, because the employer who happens to be in politics is ready to make peace lest his alleged disfavor with labor hurt his political friends. Mr. Tansey, as the figurehead of the whole employing class, met the situation in an admirable manner. He told his men that he was ready to arbitrate the matter with them when they should show him that they had not gone on strike in violation of their own rules, without the authority and sanction of the national body with which they were affiliated. The chief national officers came here and then Mr. Tansey told them he would leave the settlement to the State Board of Arbitration. This the strikers agreed to. The Arbitration Board has rendered its verdict. The men got some of the things they demanded. The company was not forced to submit to union absolutism. The drivers were given some allowances of time and extra pay for "overtime." Wages are to remain as they were before the strike and an increase to be allowed May 1st, 1904, when the work of the company will be increased. The decision is admirably fair. It is a decision that in-

spires faith in the Board, for the business community had an idea that the Board might feel the stress of politics in settling strikes. The decision in the Transfer Company's case dispels the idea that the Board is other than a strictly judicial body. Employers as well as employees feel that they will get fair play. This is all the better for local conditions because Mr. Thomas M. Jenkins, its best known member, has long been known as a friend of union labor, and as an employer of labor made all concessions to the union idea. The net result of the incident is a decidedly better feeling, locally, over the labor-capital issue, and for this relief the business community has to give thanks to Mr. Tansey for his skillful handling of circumstances so pregnant with possibilities of general economic and social dislocation.



Evading the Laws.

SENATOR DIETRICH has been acquitted on a technicality of the charge of selling favors from the government. He sold the favors, but he wasn't a Senator when he did it. Therefore he cannot be punished by law. Public opinion will take care of him. In New York Congressman Driggs has been convicted of selling his influence to secure government contracts. The Judge who passed sentence upon the Congressman apologized for the defendant, saying that Driggs knew not what he was doing—that is, he didn't know it was wrong. In this cynical age of the world poor Driggs is really to be pitied. To be an offender is bad, but to be a "chump" is worse. And yet Mr. Driggs wasn't so much of a chump after all. He got the money. He took it "with dignity," we are told. But he didn't know, when he was taking it, he was doing wrong. Senator Dietrich took the money, too. He knew he wasn't doing wrong. He was doing it just this side of wrong. Senator Dietrich is one of the wise. He knows the chief art of the day—the art of being crooked without being amenable to law. No need for anyone to be crooked now. Would you burn, kill, rob, seduce? Keep within the law! That's what law is for. It is a mark put up to be missed. Laws are framed to give men a whetstone for their ingenuity in evading the law. The first requisite of a law is that it shall be multifariously dodgeable. Any case that a law applies to exactly is "the exception that proves the rule" a good one. A law that cannot be evaded falls into innocuous desuetude. A man who can evade a law benefits his fellows. What is law? It is a restriction upon liberty. Therefore, whoso shows how to evade a law sets "the bounds of freedom wider yet." The man who can't do things without coming under the hand of the law, as Driggs did, is an intellectual weakling. A man who can't take money dignifiedly without butting up against a law is like the man who can't walk across a ten-acre lot without falling over his own feet. He's a gawk, like the fellow who can't move around in a parlor without overturning the furniture. Dietrich is the man of the day and the hour. *A bas Driggs.* Sympathy is wasted on Driggs. Dietrich is the person we should delight to honor.



A Quibble.

MR. JOSEPH W. FOLK is an artistic quibbler. Having been charged with failure to advocate the election of his party ticket in two campaigns, he publishes a letter in which he says that he voted for all the candidates in 1902, except James J. Butler, who ran for Congress. The charge was that he would not, while holding office as a Democrat, take the stump for his party ticket. His answer is disingenuous, but at that, Mr. Folk doesn't explain why he supported James J. Butler for Congress when he, Folk, was a candidate

on the same ticket with him, and when he knew as much about Mr. Butler, Mr. Butler's father, their methods and the source of their power as he has learned since.



Another Butler.

A CIRCULAR distributed through the State is calculated to create the impression that the celebrated boss and alleged boodler, Col. Edward Butler, is a leading official of the Jefferson Club, and in that position is an advocate of Mr. Harry B. Hawes for the Democratic nomination for Governor. This is a trick, and not a creditable one. The Edward Butler referred to is the junior member of the local grocery firm of Butler Brothers, and no relative of the much exploited boss and "boodler."



Mayoralty Candidates.

CANDIDATES for the Democratic nomination for Mayor are multiplying. I have referred to Mr. Murray Carleton and Mr. Byron Nugent and Mr. John Schroers. There are others, among them being Harrison I. Drummond, George D. Markham and W. A. Giraladin. The Republicans are talking of Mr. Isaac Hedges and Judge Selden P. Spencer. And some of the old Merriwether faction are suggesting that if Mr. Folk should not be nominated for Governor, he would make a splendid independent nominee for Mayor.



Heroism.

THAT was an "heroic" bunch that went on to Washington to capture the National Democratic convention for St. Louis, and put up a magnificent battle therefor, notwithstanding the fact that they didn't want the convention.



Scrupulous Conscience.

EVERYONE else has had a try at solving the mystery of "Scrupulous Conscience." Why shouldn't I solve the mystery? The person sending conscience money to the transportation companies is a wealthy merchant and shipper. He has recently got religion, and this has been supplemented by the compunctions induced by reading the details of the dishonesty of high financiers. He has paid back to the transportation companies money out of which he defrauded them by shipping goods under a false classification. This man's restitutions having been published in the daily papers, others have imitated him in jest or semi-earnest in several instances.



A Musical Milestone.

THE Florodora sextette is with us again this week. This sextette is to mark an epoch in musical history. Since its first appearance, no musical comedy or light opera production has been complete without an imitation more or less exact of the youths and maidens who sing "Tell me, pretty maiden." They all come on the stage, and leave it to the same marching tune. They all have big hats, with a poke tendency, and those hats all have a hinge which makes the front flap up and down to the accompaniment of a nod and a wink. So famous has this double sextette become that there are now abroad in the one-night stands no less than twenty-two hundred and forty-nine girls who were members of the original Florodora sextette. A movement is on foot to organize them all—the survivors, as it were—into an association like the Philippine Veterans, or the Daughters of the Revolution. Oh, yes, "Florodora" will characterize a period in musical history just as does the work of Bach or Brahms. It will come along in the musical chronology just after

the Cavalleria Intermezzo period, and just before the apogee of "rag time," as marked by the organization of bands and the giving of two-and-a-half hour concerts devoted to syncopated melody.



Cruelty to Animals.

THE Humane Society of St. Louis, which has in the past done a mighty service in behalf of our dumb animals, has now a greater opportunity to alleviate, in part, if not wholly, the sufferings of the poor horses which are driven through the slippery streets. It is doubtful if there is any greater cruelty inflicted upon animals than that which daily arouses the public indignation and sympathy on the city's thoroughfares. Since the advent of winter it is not unusual in the busy hours of the day to see from one to six horses, after vainly straining and tugging at heavy loads, go down with a sickening thud on the hard roadways. Even draught horses, which are properly shod, and they are far in the minority, find it difficult to secure a foothold on our streets, and animals in lighter vehicles suffer likewise. The rough surfaced macadam streets afford but treacherous paths for the horse, but when we consider that nearly all the city's thoroughfares whereon most driving is done, are composed of asphalt, and granite, some idea may be gathered of the torture the horses of St. Louis suffer these wintry days. Asphalt and granite streets are dangerous to horses even

when not covered with ice, and snow, for when wet from rain or the sprinkling cart, they are so slippery that the animals are scarcely able to proceed in safety. Much of the cruelty that is apparent every day, and which seems to escape the eye of the law, could be remedied at once by the Humane Society. It could, and should, send out agents with instructions to take charge of all horses improperly shod, found upon the streets. The society can do this with maimed or otherwise suffering animals, why not with the horses taken upon the streets these days to haul monstrous loads, with neither toe-pieces nor heels upon their shoes to give them support? Moreover, something should be done to make the streets most favored by drivers more secure for the horse. As Paris does, we should do. There the municipal authorities use sand upon the asphalt thoroughfares to insure good footing to animals. The sand is stored in piles at intervals along the street, and when, from rain or any other cause, the street becomes slippery, the army of street cleaners at once sets to work with barrows and shovels spreading the sand over the surface. This would necessitate the expenditure of some money, but what is the cost of a few hundred or thousand loads of sand compared with the great boon to man and his beast friend, the ever-faithful horse. Pedestrians, and especially strangers, are made sick by the inhuman treatment of horses on our streets, and something must be done, and done at once, to stop the cruelty.

Hint or Bluff

By W. B. F.

HE: "I wonder if a man ever is good enough for a good woman."

SHE: "We are better because we have less opportunity of evil."

HE: "You say that of men and women in general. Let us apply it to each other. If you really knew me you might despise me. Yet I am safe because you are innocent."

SHE: "Ah, I might know more than you dream of. Some day—when we have been married a long time, I shall tell you things."

HE: "You will tell me? Why, sweetheart, what have you to tell? Dear little girl, no shadow of the shadow of wrong could be thrown across your soul. Come now, did you miss your prayers last night—did you speak unkindly of some one?"

SHE: "What trust you have in me! If I told you I had done wrong you would not believe it."

HE: "Yes, of course I trust you. But I know you. I can read every thought of you; you could not deceive me if you wished."

SHE: "Men never know the woman they love."

HE: "But I know you. Even now are you not piqued at my assumption? Are you not hinting darkly of imaginable things rather than have me think you inexperienced?"

SHE: "I am satisfied to be your ideal. It should not be otherwise. But—I wonder what you would say if—"

HE: "If? If? If? II, perhaps you pressed somebody's hand a trifle, if you flirted mildly at the dance the other night."

SHE: "What would you say if I told you I kissed some one?"

HE: "I wouldn't believe you."

SHE: "That we were talking, and then fell silent, looking at each other. And then—how it happened I do not know—he slowly leaned over and kissed me

—kissed me full on the lips, almost passionately. I, all the time, without moving, without resisting."

HE: "Who was it?"

SHE: "Now you are angry."

HE: "Who was it?"

SHE: "I shall never tell you. I do not think he meant to. It happened, and was all over. He did not try it again. He said nothing; I said nothing. Wasn't it very peculiar?"

HE: "And that was the worst? Well, I will forgive my fair penitent."

SHE: "You are laughing at me. Would you really want to think I had done anything to be ashamed of?"

HE: "Sometimes I wish you were less perfect. For virtue is sometimes sadly intolerant. Perhaps I get conscience stricken."

SHE: "You confide in me."

HE: "Set me an example. Come now, tell of the greatest peril in which your goodness ever stood."

SHE: "You are strangely eager. If you knew all you might not care for me again."

HE: "You should play poker. You bluff well."

SHE: "So you think I am a good bluffer? Well, maybe."

HE: "Isn't it a bluff?"

SHE: "You think so?"

AN HOUR LATER. HE (*solus*): "I wonder—no it is my own sins crying out suspicions. It is the penalty we pay for things. What is it Pope says about the jaundiced eye? Why should I make myself miserable. I could not live to think her other than as true, as good as she is fair and as I love her."

AN HOUR LATER. SHE (*solus*): "How he loves me? I wonder what he thinks is true and what part bluff? Maybe, I'll tell him—when we are married—a long time."

Beauty's a Flower

BY MOIRA O'NEILL.

YOUTH'S for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.

Youth's for an hour, an' the taste o' life is sweet,
Ailes was a girl that stepped on two bare feet;
In all my days I never saw the one as fair as she,
I'd have lost my life for Ailes, an' she never cared for me.

Beauty's a flower, an' the days o' life are long,
There little knowin' who may live to sing another song;

For Ailes was the fairest, but another is my wife,
An' Mary—God be good to her!—is all I love in life.

Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.



Money's Peaceful Agency

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

THAT war scare in the Far East is about to end in a fizzle. Financiers in London, Paris and Berlin are growing decidedly optimistic as to the ultimate outcome. Securities are again on the up-grade on the European bourses. If an actual war should be averted, the credit of assiduous and successful peace promotion will undoubtedly have to be given to the financial powers. When the inevitable "blue book" containing all the diplomatic exchange of notes makes its appearance a year or so hence, the English, or French, or German government is very likely to figure prominently in the noble rôle of peace-seeking go-between, but such official revelations will not bamboozle the alert mind of speculators. To the latter class of political observers, diplomacy appears at *quantite negligeable* in the beginning of the twentieth century. According to their reasoning, which is based on the obvious peremptory facts and necessities of the times, the financial magnates of the civilized world have a more potent voice in political negotiations than is generally admitted by those believed to be *au fait* in the arcana of chancelleries of state. The Corsican's famous *obiter dictum* that the Rothschilds must be classed among the great powers of the world still holds good. Without their acquiescence and support, modern governments cannot afford to act hastily or super-aggressively in political disputes. In a war between Russia and Japan the capitalistic classes of London, Paris and Berlin would have emphatically more at stake than would the governments at St. Petersburg and Tokio. The deleterious influences of war can no longer be restricted to a certain, determined area or class. Owing to the close interdependence of modern civilization, a momentous armed conflict anywhere in the world is bound detrimentally to affect the vast and wondrously delicate economic fabric of the whole world. It would seem, therefore, that the old saying of the love of money being the source of all evil does not hold good in every case. If the love of money is reasonable and an effective means to foster love of peace and man, it must be regarded as something of a cardinal virtue. Money may be filthy lucre, and all that sort of thing, yet it is right along developing into a mighty and merciful agency of civilization.

The Irony of Christ

How It was Given Play in the Message of the Revelation and Redemption

BISHOP THIRLWALL in his famous essay on "The Irony of Sophocles," introduces his theme with the remark that "some readers may be a little surprised to see irony ascribed to a tragic poet." The surprise, perhaps, is greater to find the same mode of speech attributed to our Lord as one vehicle for the transmission of His message. Commentators and preachers have, for the most part, shrunk from the idea as though it implied a certain derogation from the sublime import of His mission, if not also from His divine character. Doubtless the explanation of their timidity lies in their acquiescence in the popular but fallacious notion which identifies the accidents of irony with its essence, conceiving it always as involving personal spleen and inhuman contempt for those against whom it is directed. Carlyle makes *Teufelsdröckh* a sharer in his opinion: "Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the Devil: for which reason I have long since as good as renounced it,"—a curious comment on the prophet's own favorite manner. Were sarcasm merely the expression of a hard and indifferent attitude toward men, nothing could be more foreign to the spirit and work of Christ. But even this, the most dangerous form of irony, has its moral uses, and may well take its place as a not unjustifiable weapon in the armory of the religious teacher and reformer. Divest it of all personal rancor, purge it of the taint of intellectual pride, of the spirit which Byron ascribes to Gibbon when he pictures him as—

*"Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,"*

and it may be as a "terrible and fiery finger, shriveling falsehoods from the souls of men." As Ruskin says, "folly and sin are, to a certain extent, synonymous; and it must be well for mankind in general if all could be made to feel that wickedness is as contemptible as it is hateful." Using the term in its widest sense, we find irony as the distinguishing mark of the loftiest spirits of the race—of a Plato, a St. Paul, a Shakespeare, a Pascal, to name but a few—and we may well conclude that He who saw life in its moral and religious aspects with an unrivalled steadiness and sanity can have been no stranger to a permanent element of human experience, and therefore an inseparable adjunct of human speech.

Of course, there are types of irony of which Christ never made use. Some are wholly obnoxious to the purport of His appearance; some we feel intuitively to be, though innocent in themselves, inconsonant with His function as the Revealer of God and Redeemer of man. As an illustration of the former, take the wanton or malignant irony "by which a man humors the folly of another for the purpose of rendering it more extravagant and incorrigible." The darker side of this irony may be seen, as Thirlwall says, in the weird women who feed the ambitious hopes of *Macbeth*, and afterwards lull him into a false security, raising

*"Such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion."*

And at the other extreme, the light and sportive irony that delights in simulated self-praise or in assumed depreciation of another—the covert language of love

and sympathy—has no place in Christ's recorded sayings. Quaint conceits of language, "the feigned abuse" of "perplexed lovers," the playful interchange of ironic banter, though natural among equals, are not to be expected in the converse of One Who was conscious of a mission higher than any entrusted to the sons of men, and Whose soul was straitened till it was accomplished.

Nor, again, can we detect in Christ a touch of that irony which Socrates raised to a philosophic method, and which henceforth has been associated with his name. Socrates was conscious of his ignorance, whereas those with whom he argued were not; and in this disparity lay the irony. It consists, as Zeller remarks, in the fact that without any positive knowledge, and prompted only by a desire for knowledge, Socrates addresses himself to others, in the hope of learning from them what they know, but that in the attempt to discover it, upon a critical analysis of their notions, even their supposed knowledge vanishes. But whereas Socrates calls men to self-redemption through self-knowledge, Christ summons them to self-surrender and to faith.

Apart from these species of irony, the Gospels have preserved for us abundant illustrations of our Lord's use of this mode of speech. The persons who are its objects were the sophists of the time, the scribes and Pharisees. What could be more ironical than His picture of them as blind teachers leading blind scholars, and both falling into the ditch? Or His condemnation of their hide-bound pedantry: "Beautifully ye reject the commandments of God, that ye may keep your own tradition?" Or His scathing invective that lays bare their moral hollowness in that while they "build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous," they are really of the same spiritual kin as their forefathers who "killed the prophets?" The twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel contains one of the most cutting and searching pieces of irony in literature, truly terrible in its sustained passion and revealing power. Some critics will have it that our Lord here exceeds all the proper bounds of decorum, and falls into the temptation that besets every prophet, of turning in misanthropic rage upon the generation which declines His guidance and takes its own way. To which, perhaps, Dr. Martineau's vigorous words are a sufficient reply:—"The prophetic spirit is sometimes oblivious of the rules of the drawing-room; and inspired Conscience, like the inspiring God, seeing a hypocrite, will take the liberty to say so, and to act accordingly." But even in the righteous indignation proper to a holy nature, Christ never ceases to be genuinely human. He plays no cynic rôle. Believing in God and in the human soul, His irony is but veiled pity, and the pity is so intense that it at length burns away the veil and we hear wrung from Him the cry:—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

When we turn to the teaching addressed mainly to His immediate followers we find a mild and gracious irony often on His lips. Two examples must here suffice. The reader of the Gospels is always conscious that between Christ and the men of His time

there was "a great gulf fixed." In spite of His repeated warnings, even His Disciples obstinately clung to a crude and materialistic interpretation of His words. That He Himself foresaw the tragic issue of His life, and was at pains to prepare the minds of His Disciples for it, is a feature of the evangelical narrative without which the whole picture of His life becomes chaotic and unintelligible. Yet it was this bitter ending to all their glowing day-dreams that they refused to face. He knew that attachment to His cause would involve imprisonment, wounds, and death, that as the master so should the servants be. So far apart were their respective outlooks, that only by a kind of gracious irony, interpreted, it may have been, by a sad and wistful smile, could His find a point of contact with theirs. Here doubtless is the explanation of a saying on which traditional exegesis has been forced to put an unnatural meaning because of its prosaic apprehension of the words. When St. Peter, as the spokesman of the apostolic band, pleads for some reward of their sacrifices: "Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee," Christ makes the strange reply: "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, *with persecutions.*" It is as though for the moment He accommodated Himself to His hearer's point of view, and by so doing most effectually set it aside. He seems to say: "You have sacrificed relatives, lands and houses for my sake, but you will be repaid in kind a hundredfold. You came to me paupers; you will leave me men of substance." When He adds—"with persecutions" the irony is obvious. Two pictures are flashed before the Disciple's eyes. In one they see themselves happy and flourishing members of society, with health, wealth and troops of friends; in the other they are hunted and harassed outcasts, reckoned the refuse of the world, made a spectacle to angels and to men. The irony drops and the paradox is resolved when he makes it clear that spiritual and temporal rewards belong to the different spheres of thought, and have no common denominator, by adding: "and in the world to come eternal life. But many that are first shall be last; and the last first." The other illustration is in connection with a sore crux of expositors from the days of St. Jerome to those of Trench,—the parable of the unjust steward. The villain of the story is the opportunist pure and simple. He seeks his own selfish ends at the cost of honor and principle. He would stand well with all parties. His stewardship being threatened, he opens up negotiations with the tenants, scales down their just debts, and when the blow falls that deprives him of home and comfort, they are at hand to supply his needs and to justify his wisdom. Then follow the words that sadly perplex the literal-minded: "And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Are we to see here an exhortation to put out money at spiritual usury? This is a difficult idea. But all is plain and natural if we read the verse as an ironical comment of our Lord's on the story. He would teach that while in this world a dexterous manipulation of opportunities may meet with success, it is absurd to suppose that such a policy holds the key of the kingdom of God. By disloyalty to conscience and principle a man can make friends of the unspiritual; but does he really expect that these will welcome him in his day of spiritual stress to the everlasting habitations?

We speak of "the irony of fate." The Greek wished to express by the phrase "the contrast between man,

with his hopes, fears, wishes and undertakings, and a dark, inflexible fate." It is needless to say that He who made the truth of the divine fatherhood the vital possession of the human spirit recognized no such contrast. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that He was blind to the surprises and contradictions of life. The irony of circumstances appealed to Him profoundly. How ironical, for example, was His own outward lot contrasted with His inner dignity! "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Or again, what an ironic spectacle did His contemporaries present in their respective attitudes to Himself and the Baptist! Their reasons for refusing allegiance to one or the other were contradictory. They objected to John on the ground of his asceticism, but when Jesus came, eating and drinking, they turned on Him on the ground of His free living. With grave and sorrowful irony He compares Himself and His forerunner to the children in the market place who called to their fellows and said: "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented." His parables are full of the same consciousness of life's ironies. Take the picture of the Judge urged by the importunate clamor

of a widow to avenge her wrong and surrendering with the cynical remark: "Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me." Justice in this world is often at the mercy of an accident; not righteous claims, but persistent vociferation, will frequently succeed in gaining it. Or take that other graphic sketch of the supper and the invited guests. As Christ gravely enumerates the excuses put forward for refusing the proffered Messianic blessings did no smile of gentle irony curve His lip or shine in His eyes? Must not even the dullest have read the soft sarcasm of the words: "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come?" The irony takes on a more sombre hue when, piercing the veils that hide the true trend of life, He warns men: "Many be called, but few are chosen;" or, in words that express one of His favorite thoughts: "Many that are first shall be last; and the last first."

Thus do we see that He has consecrated this intellectual gift and redeemed it from all ignoble use, in making it at once an instrument of punishment to the wilfully blind, and a guide to a wider outlook and a more spiritual interpretation of life for those who, though blind, long for the dawn.

A Prose Chant of Lake Michigan

By John H. Raftery

LAKE MICHIGAN is unlike the ocean, as a woman is unlike a man. It is more winsome, prettier, more capricious, less poised; it is fretful when the sea is restless; its complaint is a fugue when the wail of the sea is a diapason; it does not groan like the ocean, but mourns in a sad, thin croon like a woman over the bier of her child. It has colors which the sea has not,—warmer, brighter, cheerier colors; there is a bell-like sound in the laughter of its summer waves, but when the ocean clangs its joy-bells, the lake tinkles like triangles and castanets.

The rage of Lake Michigan is sudden, venomous, cat-like, treacherous. Its winds are variable, contradictory, hysterical. The ocean changes with the days; the lake varies with the hours. When the long seas quarter on the low, sandy shore, whipped by a gale, the lake does not roar, it shrieks. The ocean shouts among the breakers, with a voice like summer thunder. The lake screams shrill and tremolo, runs faster from the wind, and its surges break and glitter brighter than the broken surges of the salt seas.

Now, chained and desolate in the gyves of its winter prison, it is infinitely sad and helpless, but beautiful in its desolation, glorified in its sorrow.

For a few days in the early part of winter the eastern gales lashed its waters high across the western margins and piled icy bulwarks along the shore of Illinois. The breakwaters were clad in shining, glittering steel, and the long piers that reach towards the blue water were heaped and transfigured with fantastic shapes of frozen beauty. Sometimes huge waves, racing towards the sea-walls before the high east wind, would dash themselves with frantic fury against the solid masonry, and spout into the air geysers of foam and water that fell upon the walks and drives in showers of snow and ice. Sometimes the indriven flocks of solid ice smote against the piling or against the piers till all the timbers groaned, and for miles along the coast could be heard the clangor of the besieging

waters and the lonely scream of the landward driven gulls.

Now is the level shore or sloping beach a sheer wall of glittering white against the face of which the rushing waters clamor and freeze. Beyond, in the offing, ghostlike bergs come floating in, or drift along, the white, sailless squadrons of a spirit fleet.

There come winter days so cold and calm that all the surface of the waters for miles into the deeps, flatten and congeal, white and glittering, a snow-strewn field. But beyond the white expanse, where the waters are rough and the seas run fast and high, there is color, always color, golden, purple, blue and yellow ribbons streaking away towards the skyline, fringed with white lace where the far-off surf is dashing against the rough edges of the ice.

On moonlit winter nights there is an eerie, sweetly sad influence in the presence of this lake. It moans melodies like some of the old kammer music heard afar, because all the margins of the water are frozen and the surges break against the rim of ice a mile or more from shore. Some day or some night, there will come a gale of wind hurtling from the east. High walls of livid water tumbling and boiling before it, will race across the ice-fields; the level floor of the shallows will lift and crumble; upheaved by billows and driven by rushing currents, the ice will break, crumble and grind, and the noise of it will be like the crash of falling towers, and the crack of mighty timbers. I have seen high walls of shattered ice raised in one night by the assault of wind and waves along the shore, the giant trees of the shore-guard uprooted and twisted, the mighty masonry of the sea-wall breached and battered and strewn along the lakeshore drive like the debris of a razed fortress.

Old Ocean himself performs no such freaks as this. He does not spread deserts of ice at night only to toss and tatter them at dawn. Man-like, he does not freeze and thaw, thaw and freeze, with the whim of a vagrant wind.

The land breeze, warm from the south, will blow across this shore one of these fine days and the ice-fleet will drift away towards the Michigan shore. We will see it linger across the yellow shallows and venture forth into the blue deeps, a shining mirage, low-lying, with sides of silver and ice-turrets gleaming in the sun. It is a phantom fleet that will vanish somewhere in mid-lake, and we shall not see it again until another winter comes.



After its Kind

BY BOLTON HALL.

A MAN bored a hole in a tree and a wood-pecker came and lived in it.

"The tree has conceived," said the man, "and has brought forth a bird."

Next year the wood-pecker went away and two flying squirrels lived in the tree.

"What a curious thing," said the man, "is Heredity?"



THE DOTTED TRAIL

BY W. H. I.

THE first time that Dudley Latimer kissed Belle Sharp, the half-Spanish "help" at the P. L. Ranch, he was not in earnest; he would have been the last to say that there was any serious intention in it. He did it partly in a spirit of pure bravado, and partly because the morning was as warm and white as new milk and she, smiling back over her shoulder as she emptied her pails, looked a part of it. Equally innocent of any harmful intent, she let him after a formal struggle. He was tall and clean, and as handsome as a young Englishman can be when he is in perfect condition, and has a fine, red coat of tan. Then he bade her good-by. He had been at the ranch a week, ranging the hills in a vain hunt for antelope, already then, in the early 'eighties, becoming scarce. His canvas-covered wagon and his "side partner," the Hon. Justin Weymouth, waited by the gate.

The Hon. Justin was taking a parting nip with the "Old Man," and did not see the diversion, and none of the four noticed that Emilio Gondolez, horse trainer and man-of-all-work, was coming in through the kitchen yard carrying an antelope so freshly killed that its throat was not yet cut. Emilio stood and watched. He saw the struggle, heard the girl cry "The gall of you!" saw her color turn as she lifted her face with unwilling willingness, saw her throw at young Latimer, walking away, a look of admiration that he took for something else. Then Emilio slipped round the barn with his quarry, and came upon the wagon in front. Dudley was smiling across the fence at Belle, who had found business in the front yard. For half a minute, Emilio looked what he felt; then smiled as he slipped into view, and said: "I make-a present you thees antelope. He ees fresh. Myself, I shoot heem. He come ver' close."

"Careful how you tie it, Emmy," said the Old Man. "Dump it in for 'em. Well, boys, stacking in the north field. Good-by, and luck to you."

While Dudley chatted across the fence with Belle, Emilio was explaining to the Hon. Justin how an antelope should be tied and hung for a journey. "Head down so he bleed—the dust bother ver' leetle—oh, yes, a lee-tle cut on the throat so he bleed slow. That ees bes'. I cut heem." A slow, red stream trickled over snowy throat and gray jaws. The wagon drove on. Down the road behind it trailed an

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irregular line of wet dots, the centres for an army of noisy flies.

"Awfully jolly girl," said Dudley, as they bowled easily along through the red dust. The Hon. Justin puffed at his pipe, and made no answer. He might have said that he hastened their going just because his companion was very young and the girl very pretty. A flock of sage-hens started from the olive-green brush to one side. Justin pulled up, took out his shotgun, and followed, Dudley throwing stones to make them rise. A right and left shot brought down a brace. They gathered up the birds, and turned to the wagon, and as they did so, the elder man looked back. Just level with the ranch house, two miles behind, a cloud of red dust veiled the road lapped far over its edge. Through the thin atmosphere came a muffled rumble, and then a few dots, followed at an interval by another, heaved out of the mass.

"Cattle," said Dudley. "That's jolly. I always wanted to see one of those big droves on the foot. Shall we wait for them to pass?"

"I think not," said the Hon. Justin. "Not until we get to the next ranch. They say that those wild range cattle do singular things." But still they stood and watched, fascinated by the shimmering, shifting, red cloud, the distant rumble, the glint of a blazing sun on the sabred heads of a thousand Texas long-horns.

Of a sudden the dust-cloud, which had spilled over the road only to the right, away from the ranch fence, widened out, shifted to the left. They had passed the fence corner, and were on open range. No dust arose on that wing; it was hard prairie, tied close by sagebrush. And, inexperienced as were their eyes, the two Englishmen could see some commotion running through the mass; the units composing it were spreading hither and thither; two compound dots, mounted men, were swinging wide about them. The rumble grew louder, lulled, rose again, and above the noise came the sound of a dozen shots, fired in quick succession. Away back in his consciousness, Dudley began to regret that they had chosen, in their young British insolence, to travel without a guide, who might explain to them the strange happenings of this incomprehensible country.

Justin started at the sound of a frightened snort in his ear. He turned to see his horses quivering in every nerve. Almost before he could catch its bridle, the near one was plunging and pitching.

"Get the reins!" yelled Justin, "we'd best be out of here."

The team broke into a dead run. Looking back,

Justin saw the cloud ominously, frightfully near. A struggling advance guard of long-horns heaved out before, and ahead of them were two men, riding like demons, yet ever beating backward as they rode. Then the red veil fell, and there was nothing but a dust-cloud, rolling on nearer and nearer.



When the Englishmen were gone, Belle looked after their retreating wagon, and sighed. She was just realizing, now that the week was past and these clean, courteous, easy-going beings of another world were gone, that she had been dreaming dreams. Emilio looked also, sometimes after the wagon, sometimes after the girl. When he bent his gaze on Belle he was serious enough, but when his eye ran down the track of bloody dots, he drew his lips back from his white teeth and smiled. He was holding the reins of his roan broncho! he dropped them to lean over the fence, and look up the road, away from the wagon.

"What is it that you see up there?" she asked, carelessly, in Spanish.

"Something that your white-haired friend will be glad to see," he answered. She looked, saw the dust-cloud coming, saw the little, caking pool of blood, and went white in a moment.

"That," she cried, "that is what your antelope meant! You knew that cattle were coming this way to-day."

"A thousand head passing up to the White River country. And wild, very wild."

"They will trample them; kill them!"

"You thought about that when you kissed him," he sneered; "the blood goes straight, and the wind is right. He will have a run for it—your lover."

Then the roar of padding feet was louder, and the herd was coming. They were fifty yards away—and a great, white steer, horned in splendor, lowered his muzzle, and bellowed, and tore the earth, and shot out in advance. Another followed, and still another, each breaking into that rocking run, each one stretching out his nostrils to taste the polluted air. They plunged together over the little pool of blood; they rolled over and over, horns tossing, feet stamping, throats acclaim. The leaders crowded against the corral until its foot-wide posts bent and cracked. A deafening roar, the bellow of a thousand mad cattle, and then nothing but a tangled riot, speeding on and on down the scent, a thousand great, horned hounds after their quarry.

It was the blood stampede that makes half-wild cattle wholly demons. A clap of lightning, a sudden

shot, even the appearance of a dismounted man, will send the mercurial herd rushing in panic fear; but let them once scent blood, and all hell is loosed in them. No pack of wolves follows with the relentless fury of range cattle on the trail of blood. Huddled by the barn, still showing his teeth, but half in fright, at the box of demons that he had opened, the man who laid the trail knew all this. And the girl knew it best of all.

She was between him and his horse as she turned on him.

"You did this—you murderer!"

"I will go," he said; "I will cut it loose—it will stop the cattle."

"Yes—you! I will go myself." He jumped at her as she sprang into his saddle. She saw the movement. His lariat hung at the saddle-horn. She brought it down on his wrist. The same movement started the high-strung little roan, already a-quiver with fear. His heels clattered against the bars; Belle, astride like a man, her calico skirts tucked about her hips, was riding after the red cloud, swinging wide into the sage-brush to pass them.

The roan had a dash of the thoroughbred. He was the swiftest thing coursing that day in the four-cornered race between cattle, cowboys, hunted team, and woman, yet he had two hundred yards the worst of his start. But, like a thoroughbred, he caught the bit and shook out his dapple mane, and laid his belly to the earth as he skimmed. Over sagebrush, over treacherous ant-hills, tangling gopher-holes he sped, the reins loose, for he knew his work. Two cowboys, caught in the press, fighting, swearing, striking brutally at heads and horns as they were borne on, called to her in warning; but the roan rounded the pack, shook himself free, and galloped on.

And then Belle saw what she had feared. Knowing their peril, but ignorant of the cause, the two Englishmen were hurrying on ahead with the carcass still bumping from the tail-board. The cattle in the road, where the running was freer, had gained upon those on the flanks. They were going in a wedge, with the speed of an express train. The cows, fleetest and fiercer than their mates, were leading on. Half a dozen cowboys skirmished before, shooting and lashing out desperately, trying to back-fire by a counter-panic, taking chances of life with every gopher-hole. But there was no checking that mass; when a steer flinched before the heavy whip, he was pushed on from behind. And ever they bellowed, with a note of tigers in their voices.

The Mirror

A moment Belle ran before the herd; then calling to the roan, who understood as only a cow-horse can understand, she cut an oblique course across the herd's face. She gained the road; the herd was behing her, and the roan, gathering his nerve for a final spurt, made for the wagon. She shouted, but the roar behind drowned her voice, and so she reached for the holster, where Emilio kept his knife. As she whipped it out and drew even, reaching for the carcass, the wagon slackened and stopped. Her own horse swerved in his course, and shot past before she could check him.

The off-horse, what with fear and exhaustion, had stumbled and fallen dead. And the wedge was coming on, now but a quarter of a mile away.

Deadly as was their fear, the two Englishmen, who had jumped to the ground, stood and stared to see her turn in beside the standing horse and, without any ceremony, cut his traces and reins. He reared and plunged; Justin caught the bridle.

"Mount quick!" she shouted. And before he could grasp the situation she had pushed Dudley to her roan, almost thrown him into the saddle, and mounted behind.

As the snorting horses bounded away, the roar was almost on their flanks. It rose to its climax in a great, dull crash. Looking back, the girl saw that they were no longer followed. The dust-cloud was a whirlpool that rolled and tumbled over the spot where the wagon had been. For only a minute; the cowboys closed in, and the panic was over. Slowly the men beat back the sullen, sated demons. And when the press split, there was no wagon at all—only broken wheels and scattered bits of woodwork, and flattened belongings and blood and gleaming gray hairs trampled into everything.

The two men dismounted and turned to the girl. Then was she first aware of her skirts tucked about her hips, and of the manner in which she had ridden. Her color rose, and she jumped down. She turned redder a moment later when Dudley Latimer took her in his arms, and, for the second time that morning, kissed her.

And that time he kissed her in deadly earnest.

REFRACTIONS

BY W. M. R.

K RATZ, the fugitive boodle Councilman, extradited from Mexico, talks like a man who has gone crazy, and, strange to say, his mental alienation takes the form of egomania.

D'ANNUNZIO, the decadent novelist, has had another quarrel with his mistress, Eleonora Duse. He arranges those spats and the necessary reconciliations to stimulate his imagination, and then he lays bare his own and his innamorata's heart in another book. D'Annunzio's chief capital is public pollution of the soul of a woman who loves him. He is a more despicable profiter by the woman's name than was Villon by the miscellaneity of his "Muckle Meg."

THE spiritualists claim that radium is a proof of their doctrine of materialization of spirit. But there's so much fake in the stories of the phenomena of radium that blending spiritualism with radium is only multiplying fake by fake.

GENERAL LONGSTREET died practically taboo, because he became a Republican after being a Confederate. General Gordon, though holding views not dissimilar to Longstreet's, disguised them in Southern romanticism and died in the halo of heroism. The simple statement shows just the extent to which "freedom of opinion" exists in the South.

A MISS CLEMENCE COWLES married a Mr. Dodge. She secured a divorce from Mr. Dodge and married a millionaire named Morse. Then Mr. Dodge had the divorce set aside, and though the lady now has six million dollars in her own right, she is nobody's wife or the wife of two men at once. What a nice pickle for a "woman who did" to be in! But what an argument for better and uniform divorce and marriage laws in all the States!

AND now it is said that the House of Delegates defeated a pneumatic tube bill last month, because the promoters wouldn't give Tom Barrett \$10,000 for guaranteeing its passage. It is evident Mr. Folk has no terrors for the boys in the House, notwithstanding all his indictments and convictions of former members.

By the way, haven't we such an institution as a School Board in St. Louis? Does anyone ever read of any of its proceedings in the papers? Do the papers let the board alone because it is composed of reformers? Why has there been no explosion of publicity about recent clashes in the board over the details of administration in the architect's office? And why haven't we heard of the attempt to freeze out Mr. Will Schuyler as assistant principal of the McKinley High School in the attempt to make it a manual training institution? The argus-eyed press should keep at least half a dozen of its optics upon the School Board reformers.

COLONEL A. B. MCGREW of St. Louis is the greatest golfiac in the world and his work in arranging for the universal golf tournament at the World's Fair has done more to boom the Fair the wide world over than any individual effort other than President Francis' flying trip to Europe to interview emperors, kings and presidents.

MR. WILLIAM VINCENT BYARS, of Kirkwood, is the author of twenty-nine sonnets reviewing twentieth century imperialism, in last Sunday's *Post-Dispatch*. Whatever the politics of the work, it is genuine poetry, correct to flawlessness in form, lucid in expression and noble in feeling. And its highest note of nobility is in the eleventh sonnet, in which he, a Southern man born and reared, says of the war of '61-'65 that "it was well" that he "claims the fratricide" as if 'twere his, if the despair, loss and ruin of those he loved "made all men share a fuller freedom." Lovers of rare verse will be well repaid by a careful reading of Mr. Byars' sonnets *ad lucem libertatemque*, with their exalted ethics, their broad liberality, their tenderness for nature and sympathy with weakness and suffering.

ONE wonders why it is that we don't produce, in this country, actors with the refinement of manner that is found in the work of Englishmen like Charles Hawtrey or a dozen others who might be named. Is it due to our latter day system of forcing "stars" upon the public? However favorably American actors and actresses may compare with their English brethren and sisters, they rarely equal them in the matter of that finish of artistry which marks the work of an English company. Our stage is as far behind the English stage in this respect as the English is behind the French stage.

WHAT has become of the Anna Dreyer case? Is the President to deny justice to the girl who was dismissed from the postoffice because of the unchastity of a woman who impersonated her on an examining physician's table? Does the report made upon her by a physician who knew he had examined an imper-

sonator of Miss Dreyer still stand on the government records? If all this is to be a closed incident, is Justice dead and is God asleep? Shall the United States stand for the destruction of a girl's virtuous reputation, solely because she testified to facts concerning a superior officer? The President prides himself upon his stand for purity, and yet the foul wrong done Miss Dreyer goes unpunished.

THE boodlers are good campaign pawns for Mr. Folk. When Kratz plays out as a matter of public interest, that interest will be revived by an attempt to extradite Baking Powder Kelly from Canada, and when Kelly palls Ellis Wainwright's deportation will be asked of whatever country he may live in. This will keep the public curiosity acute up to the time of the nominating convention, but if not then the world will be scoured for the other fugitive boodler, Madera, who, it has been intimated, has died since his departure from St. Louis.

THE dismal news reaches us that the 1903 vintage of champagne has been a complete failure, and that, as a result, prices are to be raised. This means, possibly, another woe added to the duties of hospitality in St. Louis this year. But, possibly, the raise in price may be great enough to enable a firm like the one handling Cliquot to make good the gorgeous bilkings of one of its most recently accredited agents to St. Louis, more especially as the "bilker" had, a short time before while with another wine house, done the same kind of a "stunt" in Chicago.

RUMOR is persistent that a member of the local racing syndicate, either Mr. Adler, Mr. Cella or Mr. Tilles, will, at the next election, be given a place upon the board of directors of the Transit Company. This being the case, it is presumed that during the World's Fair only sand cars and snow plows will be run to Captain Pat Carmody's new Union Jockey Club, because Captain Pat dares fight the syndicate.

The Legend of the Ass

BY PAMELA TENNANT.

"W HAT means the mark upon thy back, dear Griz?

I trace it on thy shoulders as I ride.
Slender the cross it seems that shadowed is
Even to thy side."

"Well may'st thou ask of me, who bear'st the sign,
Albeit unseen, upon thy tender brow.
Are we not signed with the self-same sign,
Even I and thou?"

Behold an heritage, and who shall know
What mystic virtue the great sign contains—
Where is the hardship of the cruel blow
Of whip and reins?"

Nay, when we shrink beneath a cudgelled hide
Dawns a far memory all sorrow calms,
We hear the murmur of the multitude,
We see the palms—

And all else falls from us. It matters not
If we with Suffering keep patient tryst.
We, as a race, O child, may share thy lot,
We have served Christ."

The gray ass halted in her pattering pace,
High-hoofed and obdurate, sleek-eared, and mild,
A world of wisdom in a velvet face
Turned to the child.

"So have we patience. And in fortitude
Do thou wax stronger as the years pass on,
So shalt thou in thine heart, a living rood,
Carry God's Son."

From the London Spectator.

FRANCIS AND THE PRESIDENCY

BY W. M. R.

St. Louis captured the National Democratic Convention, when its representatives went to Washington actually not wanting it and afraid they'd get it.

The decision to hold the convention here is significant. It was a concession to Mr. Bryan's opposition to New York as the convention city. It was significant, moreover, of a friendly attitude upon the part of the National Committee towards David R. Francis.

The committee knows that Mr. Francis has been mentioned as a possible nominee, and it knows that if concessions have to be made to the Bryanite prejudice against an Eastern man, Cleveland, Olney, Parker, Gorman and other Easterners would favor Francis.

Mr. Francis, as President of the World's Fair, will welcome the convention. What an opportunity! He is a Democrat and he can make a rousing speech with harmony for the keynote. The beauties of the World's Fair will arise in the minds of his hearers to testify to his large abilities. What is there impossible in the suggestion, under such stress of happy combination of circumstances, that the Francis speech of welcome might nominate him, as Garfield's speech for Sherman nominated himself?

The city full of World's Fair people will be enthusiastic for the World's Fair President and the galleries will act upon the delegates.

So watch you out for David Rowland Francis!

P. S. The St. Louis Star may try to stampede the convention into nominating Folk for President.

MUSIC

The coming of the Kneisel Quartette to the Odéon next Tuesday night, January 19, for the concert of the Union Musical Club, will be the notable event of that week. The entertainments given by the Kneisels are among the most artistic in the music field. The quartette is composed of masters of chamber music instruments, earnest students, who have now separated from the great body of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in order to devote themselves altogether to the perfection of chamber music. The most astounding effects are produced by the skillful handling of the instruments by the Kneisels. The coming concert will be an object lesson to every music student in St. Louis, and a delight to the laymen who love music for its own sake. The following programme will be given:

Beethoven—Quartet in B flat major, Opus 18, No. 6
Allegro con brio
Adagio ma non troppo
Scherzo ((Allegro)
La Malinconia (Adagio—Allegretto quasi Allegro)
Bach—Sonata in C major, for Violon-

cello (without accompaniment)
Prelude
Bourree
Gigue

MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

Caesar Frank—Laghetto from Quartet in D major.

Schubert—Quartet in D minor (Posthumous)

Andante con moto
Scherzo (Allegro molto)
Presto.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

Franz Kneisel, first violin.

J. Theodorowicz, second violin.

Louis Svecenski, viola.

Alwin Schroeder, violoncello.

The Richard Platt pianoforte recital has been moved ahead in its date, and will take place at the Odéon Saturday night, January 30. Mr. Platt is the young St. Louis pianist, who studied nine years in Berlin under Barth and Mme. Stepanoff, and is now making a distinguished reputation in the East. His most recent appearance was in Steinert Hall, Boston. On this occasion Mr. Platt distinctly left the impression of being an artist of musical account. He is master of pedalling, a player who can color his tones variously, and one who commands a firm, crisp touch. Paired with these excellent qualities he has the fine temperamental feeling for phrasing and expression. This will be his first appearance in his home city. Many prominent society women have interested themselves in this recital, and it will be the event of the late January days.

Creator and his Italian Band will give one concert at the Odéon, Tuesday night, February 23. This wonderful band leader is now hurrying over the country, filling a vast amount of dates.

The St. Louis School of Opera, which is doing high-class work in the operatic field, will give its second production Monday evening, February 8th. "Il Trovatore" has been selected for performance by the capable students of Mira Delamotta and Mrs. Stella Kellogg-Haines.

The popular Burton Holmes lectures will be the early Lenten event at the Odéon. The theme of these lectures will be "From Broadway to Behring Sea."

Miss Pechis—"I have already said 'no' to you, Mr. Vere. I don't seem to be able to make myself plain, although I have tried—" Percy Vere—"Ah, you couldn't do that, no matter how you try, Miss Pechis." Miss Pechis—"Well—er—of course, I shall always be glad to have you call upon me, Mr. Vere."—Philadelphia Press.

Paris has devised a new mode of duelling for young women whose feelings have been ruffled. Two such recently decided that their honor demanded a duel. Having no weapons conveniently at hand, ingenuity came to the rescue. Each took a stocking and filled it with sand. At last accounts the vanquished was reported in a hospital, probably dying.

Artistic

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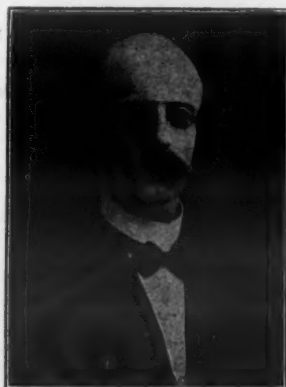
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SOCIETY

Between the closing hours of their first Sunday reception and the next morning former Governor and Mrs. D. R. Francis had new honors thrust upon them. The birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. David R. Francis, Jr., made them grandparents for the first time. Mrs. Francis, Jr., was pretty Sallie Colthurst. Within the week Mayor Rolla Wells and his charming wife were presented for the second time with a grandchild, born to Mr. and Mrs. Clark Streett.

A second Sunday reception attended by fashionable folks was that of Mrs. Powhattan Clark. Mrs. Clark, who was Elsie Clemens, is one of the most charming hostesses in St. Louis.

The marriage of Mrs. George A. Madill and Mr. Edward S. Robert, which was quietly celebrated a week ago, came near being postponed till early spring. Mrs. Madill, who was convalescent at the time of the ceremony, argued for postponement, but her stepson, Mr. George Madill, came to the rescue of Mr. Robert and persuaded her to keep to the original date.

Misses Blanche and Eleanore Niedringhaus will leave in a few days for Pasadena, Cal., to spend the winter and spring months there. This will necessarily put off the marriage of Miss Blanche Niedringhaus and Mr. Alden Little, which had originally been planned for the late January days.

Mr. William R. Donaldson is now in Japan. He started for that far-off country a few days before Christmas, and will remain there for at least six months, unless interfered with by the war.

A wedding of interest to members of the St. Louis smart set was that of Miss Isabelle McKenna, daughter of Associate Justice Joseph McKenna, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Mr. Pitts Duffield, of New York, which was the fashionable event of Washington, D. C., last week. Among the St. Louis guests in attendance at this function were Capt. and Mrs. Frank McKenna, brother and sister-in-law of the bride; Col. and Mrs. R. C. Kerens and Miss Gladys Kerens, who came on from her finishing school in New York to be present at the ceremony, which took place in the Rhode Island avenue home of the McKennas.

This week Col. and Mrs. Kerens are entertaining Rt. Rev. Bishop Chapelle, of Manila, now on his way to New Orleans.

A delightful dinner was given by Mr. George W. Pettinger, of Centralia, Ill., at McTague's last Sunday night. His guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Chris Kenney, who have just returned from their bridal tour; Mr. and Mrs. George Willard Teasdale, Misses Eugenia Maginnis and Lucy Stoughton and Mr. Will J. Thornton were Mr. Pettinger's other guests.

A visit from the friendly stork is soon expected at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Zabriskie, in New York. Mrs. John W. Loader will leave in a few weeks to be with her daughter during the next two months.

Mrs. Emil Glogau, one of the wealthiest widows of St. Louis, who has made

her home in New York since the demise of her husband, is in the city, accompanied by her brother, Mr. H. Bonsall. Mrs. Glogau and Mr. Bonsall are domiciled at the Grand Avenue Hotel.

The Joseph Dicksons and their daughter, Miss Julia Rumsey, are touring Mexico at present. From there they will go to California, returning to St. Louis in time for the World's Fair.

The Russell Hardings are off on a trip to Mexico in Mr. Harding's private car.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan C. Nugent are in New York, at the Imperial Hotel. From there they will go to Washington, where they will be entertained by Speaker Cannon and his daughter for a fortnight.

The important entertainment of the week is the Busch dinner dance next Saturday evening. The affair will be small and exclusive. Prominent foreign visitors in the city have been invited to meet Mr. Busch *en famille* at this dinner dance.

The two important nuptial events of the week are that of Miss Clara Stegall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Stegall, and Charles P. Capen, youngest son of Mrs. George D. Capen. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the Stegalls in Delmar boulevard. A reception to which three hundred invitations have been issued will follow the ceremony. Miss Edwina Tutt will be Miss Stegall's maid of honor, and her bridesmaids will be Miss Jeanne Capen, Miss Marie Peckham, Miss Jean Wright, and Miss Lena Stegall, of Jackson, Tenn. Mr. Robert Barnett, of Chicago, and Messrs. Herbert Morgan and Will Stein will attend Mr. Capen.

The marriage of Miss Sophie Schwab and Dr. Hugo Ehrenfest will be another home affair, but of fashionable cut. It is to be celebrated Saturday at high noon, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. Schwab, in Lindell boulevard. The bride will be attended by her sister, Miss Helen Schwab, and the groom by Dr. George Gellhorn, for whom he served in the same capacity a few months ago at the latter's marriage to Miss Edna Fischel.

The Coale-Kinealy wedding will be the event of Wednesday, January 20. This will soon be followed by the marriage of Miss Bessie Hudson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hudson, of West Pine boulevard, and Mr. Thomas Kimball, recently of Chicago.

Quite the smartest affair of the present week will be the ball which Mr. and Mrs. Claude Kilpatrick give at the St. Louis Club Friday night in honor of their pretty debutante daughter, Miss Elise Kilpatrick. The fashionable younger set hold invitation to this affair.

A date has been named at last for the opening reception of the St. Louis Woman's Club, to be given in the famous new ball room. It will take place Saturday evening, January 23. Preparations indicate that it will be the most exclusive function of the winter season. Mrs. Marion Lambert has secured the first date after the opening of the new ball room for the dance which she will give for her sister-in-law, Miss Lily Lambert, who is one of the most

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Exclusively for Ladies.
Carleton Building,
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F. DE DONATO, Prop.

attractive debutantes of this season. This, too, will be an exclusive event.

Miss Anna Force has gone to Memphis to attend the famous annual ball given by the Chickasaw Club, to which only the elite of Memphis and other cities are bidden. From Memphis Miss Force will go to New Orleans and be back in time for the ball of the Daughters of the Confederacy, at which she will be one of the belles. Friday, February 12, is the date announced for this ball.

The whist party given by Mrs. Isabel Aloe last Monday afternoon was one of the most elaborate affairs of its kind ever arranged by a hostess. It was given in honor of Mrs. Sidney Aloe, of Philadelphia, who is visiting her mother-in-law this winter.

Miss Rosemary Sartoris's luncheon at the Woman's Club, Tuesday, January 19, will bring together several buds of the exclusive set, who are entertaining

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

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has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

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Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris and her daughter almost every week.

Mr. George F. Myers of Glendale is enjoying a family reunion, Mrs. Graham Babcock, Mrs. John Cravens and Mrs. Howard Cappell having come on from their Eastern and Western homes to spend the holidays with him. Early in the spring Mr. Myers will go to his hunting lodge in Montana for a month's fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Schoenberg of the West End Hotel, are looking forward with great pleasure to the arrival on Friday evening of Mr. and Mrs. D. May and family of Denver, who expect to make St. Louis their home.

St. Nicholas Hotel Ladies' Restaurant and private dining rooms reopened for the season! newly and beautifully decorated and furnished. Special arrangements made for theater parties.



A Leap Year Shock: *Miss Maudie*—Oh, George, I've just been dying to tell you that— *George*—Er—eh—yes, I rather suspected, but it's awful good of you to— *Miss Maudie*—Yes, I was going to tell you those shoes you wear are perfectly horrid things. Why don't you patronize Swope's, 311 N. Broadway, and get onto your job?



COMMUNICATIONS

ABOUT OUR TRUST COMPANIES.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

SIR:—Does our State department having supervision of banks ever make reports on its duties and discoveries? If it does we never hear of it. We didn't even get the details of the closing of the United States Trust Company, by Secretary of State Cook, because it wasn't to the advantage of the banks that the facts thereabout should then be known. Do our banks and trust companies control the State officials? I am prompted to ask this by the following paragraph in New York *Town Topics*:

"Trust companies have grown up in almost unlimited numbers everywhere, and notably in this State. The name 'trust' implies a good deal. Years ago there were two or three great trust companies, having the care of estates, acting as trustees of mortgages, receiving the money of capitalists and others who had not the same facilities for safe investment. The managers of these companies regarded their office as fiduciary, and the affairs of the company were managed conservatively. So well was this understood that one having property in the hands of 'the Trust Company' was considered to have as good security as though the funds were confided to the Bank of England. In the last few years a craze for the formation of trust companies came and wealthy men organized them with large capital and frequently with an added surplus equal to the capital. With such names and such capital to attract the public, and by offering liberal interests that have secured vast deposits of money. Estates, widows, small business people with savings, have taken their money to some of the various trust companies, lured by getting more interest than they could get on deposits in savings banks or from

the regular banking institutions. The rate of interest has usually been more than a trust company confining its operations to the legitimate field could afford to pay. To meet this high rate and the heavy expenses of magnificent offices with staffs of large-salaried officers, some of the companies—not only in New York, but in other cities—have gone into ventures such as underwriting of issues, financing industrial enterprises and similar uses of their funds to a hazardous extent. While, perhaps, but few of them have come to actual grief and the public made aware of their reckless methods, there is unquestionably more or less of the same faulty management that has not come to light."

Now, Mr. Editor, might not or does not every word of that paragraph apply locally? Respectfully,

CAREFUL.

January 8th, 1904.

The St. Louis trust companies are all right. They have been put to the test most severely in the last six months, and they stood it well. Their statements show growth of business and absolute solidity. They are not involved in any ventures that tie up their funds dangerously. They have not "financed" anything, but have only consented to hold the money, for a consideration, for various flotations. EDITOR MIRROR.



"THE UNIVERSAL POET"

In the Correspondence School for Poetry, in *Leslie's Monthly* for January, E. P. Butler shows what can be done with the same set of rhymes in a way of concocting from them poems for children, for the magazines, and for political sentiments:

THE SILLY SEAL.

"Unto the musk ox thus the seal
Expressed his greatest fears:
'I hope I'll die before I feel
The pains that come with years,
Just then the sealers came in force—
Then said the seal: 'One sees
Too late that schools should have a
course
To teach seals to climb trees!'"

This is not good poetry, nor good sense, but one of the first things the poet should learn is that the editors of the children's pages prefer such verse. The next is the serious verse with the same rhymes:

FAITH.

"Who would not willingly unseal
Pandora's box of fears,
If Faith came forth to bid him feel
More sure of future years?
For Faith alone supplies the force
To strengthen him who sees
His errors, marking all his course,
Like dead and withered trees."
Then comes the political verse adapted to either party:

ROOSEVELT.

"Come drink his health in good White Seal—
Here's to the man who fears
No foe; who makes the Demmys feel
Worse than they have for years!
Our Ted's the boy who has the force
To win. We bet he sees
Another Presidential course
Among the White House trees."

FOUR YEARS MORE OF GROVER.

"The fate of Theodore we'll seal
And calm the nation's fears—
The tyrant Trusts our wrath shall feel
Four Democratic years—
So let our donkey go full force
Until the goal he sees—
We'll win this Presidential course
Or bust our axle-trees."



GLORY QUAYLE.

The Slowest Laundry.

By making our employees take plenty of time with their work, thereby improving it, we have more than doubled our output the second year. We want no hurry up World's Fair business at all. We intend to take care of our regular customers and their visitors only. We deal directly with our patrons and pay no commission to solicitors, hotels, clubs or agents. We pay more for our work than any other Laundry and if it is not "BETTER" than other Laundries do we can not expect to hold the business.

Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry

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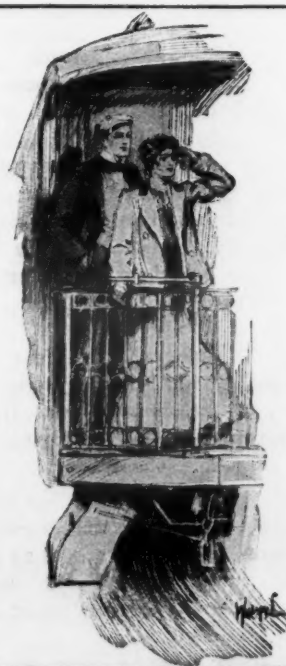
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The California Limited runs through this southwest land of enchantment daily, between Chicago, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. Visit Grand Canyon of Arizona en route. . . .

Our illustrated booklets, mailed free, will help you rightly plan a California tour. Address General Passenger Office, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Chicago. . . .

Santa Fe

The engagement is off. He was calling, and she pleasantly said: "I sang into a phonograph to-day." "Indeed," he replied, innocently, "I suppose you broke the record."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Flatleigh—"I suppose you are pretty familiar with the scenery between the city and your suburban home?" *Urbanite*—"Yes; I know every inch of the advertisements."—*Chicago Daily News*.

THEATRICALS

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

"The Man from Blankley's," in which Charles Hawtrey is appearing at the Olympic Theater this week, is a short story by the nimble-witted Felix Anstey, set to the rhythm of the English actor's exquisite comedy art. Here is rich food for merriment in a clever little play that does not drag beyond the time of an ordinary dinner party. The acts hang deftly together. Where one stops the other begins. The superstition which attends thirteen guests causes little Mrs. Tidmarsh, a middle-class, rather vulgar, British matron to send to Blankley's, a firm that hires out seemingly men for just such emergencies. Lord Strathpeffer is expected at a dinner given by Professor Cartouche, a well-known antiquarian. He has never seen Cartouche, and in a dense London fog enters the house next door, which is that of the Tidmarshes. Here he is mistaken for Blankley's man and assigned to take the governess down to dinner. The latter is an old love of his, who treats him coldly, because she cannot understand why he should come from Blankley's. This is the underlying episode to the play. And such a play! A series of Du Maurier pictures, with quaint, whimsical, freakish people, who are always saying and doing something eccentric, that causes laughter to ripple constantly! At the end of it Mr. Hawtrey takes the center of the stage. Up to that time he is one of them, now standing to one side to give at least four others the lead, or altogether eclipsed by silly Mrs. Tidmarsh, impersonated with inimitable cleverness by Miss Fannie Brough. It is in this self-elimination that Mr. Hawtrey's art is most real, and effective. To every scene his unobtrusive presence gives vital grace and delicate shading. In the dinner scene he waxes waggish in a well-bred way, and introduces riddles and puns that warm the situation. William F. Owen, Fred Thorne, E. A. Plumpton and Holman Clark keep the fun rolling along to the end in breezy conversations. The end comes all too quickly to realize that one has seen an eminent star, whose art is too genuine to keep him in the foreground, when the action demands that he should be elsewhere. "The Man from Blankley's" is the most delightful entertainment offered at the Olympic this season. It eclipses "The Girl with the Green Eyes," which comes next.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will make her biennial appearance in St. Louis on next Monday for one week. Her last appearance here was in "Zaza." This time she will appear in a play by David Belasco, that has had great praise bestowed upon it. "Du Barry" is its title and its theme is of Jeannette Vaubernier, a pretty little milliner girl, afterwards La Du Barry, favorite of Louis XV., King of France. This will be Mrs. Carter's last appearance in this play, as David Belasco has written a new work for her, in which she will appear next season. For the first time since Mrs. Carter has been presenting "Du Barry," she will give a Wednesday matinee. When she learned what a demand had been made for seats

and at the earnest solicitation of Manager Short, she consented to appear in a midweek performance. The advance sale will open to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. The curtain will rise promptly at 2 o'clock for matinees and at 8 for the evening performance.

At the Imperial Theater Miss Lottie Williams, that clever and versatile young woman, whose past performances in this city, have easily stamped her a strong favorite, will again be seen Sunday matinee and week, including usual daily matinees, in the magnificent sensational comedy drama, "Only a Shop Girl." The piece tells a thrilling and sentimental story of the sort suggested by its title; has abundant comedy of a popular pattern, and abounds in pleasing musical numbers and clever specialties. In the third act the scene is a realistic picture of the interior of one of New York City's largest department stores. The cast for this season's production, has been carefully selected, and includes Lillian Alexander Harris, Mabel Wright, Iona Arnold, Nellie Maskell, Jennie Cooper, Nellie Bernard, Leona Armour, Wineford Wilde, Gertrude Barrette, Beatrice Meers, Lena Carlton, Fannie Monroe, Sallie Stanley, Harry T. De Vere, Frank J. Kirk, Arnold Alexander, Bobby Barry, Eugene La Rue, Burton Henderson, R. S. Gates, Albert Noble, Strap Hill, Master George Cooper and a chorus of pretty girls. "Happy Hooligan" follows."

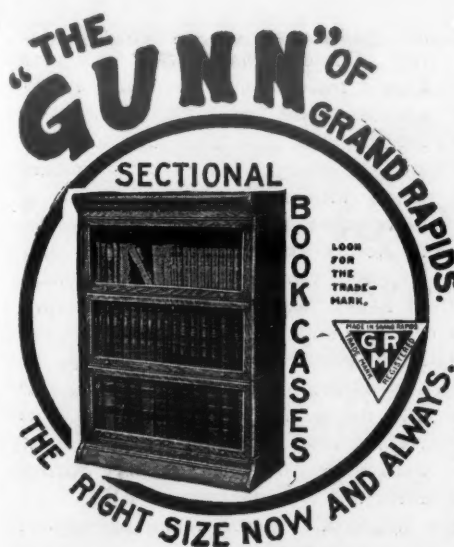
"Florodora," running at the Century this week, has reached that stage of seediness, where the least said is the best. If it were not for the brightness of the music and its lingering caress upon the ear, it would have to pass down and out altogether. But even the most coaxing air gets burdensome, when rendered by a hand organ, and that's about the relationship which Leslie Stuart's music and Fisher and Ryley's singers bear to each other in the present combination.

Rose Melville, who has made "Sis Hopkins" familiar to every theater-goer in the country, is at the Grand Opera House this week. Miss Melville invests the old part with all the grotesqueness that belongs to it. She has some clever support in George Maxwell as *Pa Hopkins*, and in Frank Minzey as *Ridy Scarborough*. Florenie Webster is an unctuous *Ma Hopkins*.

Next Sunday "The Chaperons," direct from an all summer run at the New York Theater, will begin a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House. "The Chaperons" is the best dressed production extant.

Henry W. Savage, the well-known theatrical manager who has scored so many successes in the musical and operatic lines, will present a new production at the Century next Sunday.

It is a comic opera by Henry M. Blossom, Jr., who wrote "Checkers" and "The Documents in Evidence," and Alfred G. Robyn, a well-known composer, who wrote such favorites as the *Manzanillo Dance*, "You" and "Answer." Raymond Hitchcock plays the title rôle



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and the character, which is a lazy American consul stationed at Puerto Plata, Santo Domingo, is well suited to his talents. In the cast are Flora Zabelle, the dainty comedienne, who was with "King Dodo," Eva Davenport, Rose Botti, Harry Fairleigh, Hubert Wilke and others. The two scenes, both of which are laid in the tropics, give excellent opportunities for the scenic artist.

Manager Sheehan announces the coming of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Mary of Magdala," to the Grand Opera House for Monday, February 1. Throughout the country Mrs. Fiske is filling to capacity the houses not controlled by the Syndicate at \$2 per seat. This will be the price charged for the best seats at the Grand during this engagement.

Charles Dalton, who is playing this year "A Gentleman of France," the piece in which Kyrle Bellew starred last

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season, has been especially engaged by Manager Sheehan to fill the Sunday date, January 31, at the Grand, with a matinee and evening performance. In

all other cities Mr. Dalton is appearing at top prices, but at these two performances the regular Grand Opera House prices will prevail.

"Orpheus in der Unterwelt," (Orpheus and Eurydice), Offenbach's operetta, produced by the German Stock Company at the Odeon last Sunday night, with greater eclat than the managers ever hoped for, will be repeated by request next Sunday night. Americans, who are lovers of Offenbach's music, more expressive in this operetta than in any other, will enjoy it along with Germans, especially as the plot is well known. Director Heinemann, who is responsible for this ambitious undertaking on the part of his company, staged the operetta in superb manner. The Olympian Fields amid the clouds, effectively painted and suffused with electric lights, and the banquet scene in Hades, made fine stage pictures. The costumes were elegant. To-night Vilma von Hohenau, the new leading lady of the stock company, who has faithfully contributed to much of the enjoyment of this season's productions, will have her benefit. She has selected Sudermann's problem play, "Heimath," in which she will assume her favorite character, Magda. Under the latter name this great literary drama is known to Americans. It has been chosen by all the emotional actresses of note, who found in Magda a star rôle.

"The Little Church Around the Corner," at the Imperial Theater this week, is a melodrama which depicts many scenes in and around New York City. In its phases it is laughable and pathetic



Like the barn-storming actor, he was "egged" on. His economical (?) wifey continually scolded him upon his extravagance in paying us \$35 for a suit when So & So was advertising "just lovely suits" marked down from \$25 to \$6.98. She said it gave her a fit.

Finally, in desperation, he bought one of the "bargains." When he came home with it on wifey had another fit.

We made a \$40 suit for him last week. The man who massages his horse is wearing the "bargain" now.

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in turn. The scenery, of course, has much to do with the pleasing qualities of the play. The locality of the "Little Church Around the Corner" is easily recognizable to those who are familiar with it. Ruth Macauley, as *Agnes Grey*, is a very satisfactory heroine, and receives applause at every turn. She is young and winsome, and knows when and how to impress her audience by her quiet methods. Next week another strong, melodrama, "Only a Shop Girl," will be seen at the Imperial.

Harry Morris' burlesquers in "A Night on Broadway," are at the Standard Theater this week. As a German character comedian, Mr. Morris is unexcelled. The burlesque bears the imprint of his cleverness throughout, but he is the bright, particular spot in it. In its company is a fine specialist, Tom Almond, the best of the eccentric long shoe and high skate dancers. Margaret Baxter, leading woman, is one of the cleverest vocalists heard at the Standard in a long time. "The High Rollers" will be the next attraction at this house.

STATE POLITICS

The gubernatorial campaign has so monopolized the attention of voters that little or no attention has been paid to the question: who shall be delegates to the Democratic National Convention? It is settled that there will be at least three conventions, one to nominate the National delegates; one to select a candidate for Supreme Court, vice Judge Robinson, and the third to name the candidates for State offices. They probably will be held in the order named. As the Folk men are not eager for an early convention, the more time that elapses, they think, the stronger their candidate will grow. They are figuring on the results of the return of Kratz and the Circuit Attorney's next move, which, no doubt, will be for the extradition of Ellis Wainwright, the millionaire brewer, and of Kelley, the baking powder man. The advertising value of the Circuit Attorney's personal machine, is not being underestimated by him or his friends. The other candidates are not caring much when the State convention is held. In the matter of National Convention Delegation there have been no positive candidates mentioned, although, from different sections of the State come reports that Governor Dockery, Senator Cockrell, E. C. Crow, Congressman De Armond may allow their names to go before the convention. The failure of candidates for this honor to appear at this time is probably due to the uncertain condition of affairs in the National party, both as to candidates and issues. There is no guessing what the Democratic National Convention will do, and no matter what may have been a delegate's politics heretofore, the convention is liable to take a course which will place delegates, if they be instructed or not, in a delicate situation, to say the least.

In the various Senatorial districts the campaign is beginning to grow interesting. Newton Conkling, State Repre-

sentative of Carroll County, has determined to don the toga which John F. Morton has been wearing, and, it is said, that J. T. Wells of Dunklin County, will be a candidate for renomination for representative. Other candidates for both offices are expected out before the convention meets. Things look squally in the neighborhood of Hannibal, which has been represented by Representative H. J. Simmons. Mr. Simmons wished to wear the toga, and, as he had been a conscientious member of the lower house, he announced his intention to seek the Senatorial nomination. But it seems that George W. Humphrey, had been working quietly along the same line, and when it became apparent that such a campaign might cost both of them the honor they very wisely effected a compromise. Now, Mr. Simmons is content to get the return trip to the lower house of the Assembly, leaving the Senatorial field to Mr. Humphrey. But it remains to be seen whether John J. Hewitt of Shelbyville is to continue in the race for Senator. Mr. Hewitt may make up his mind to fight Humphrey. Both are good Democrats.

In the district composed of Osage and Miller Counties, there are already two strong candidates for the Senate dividing the attention of voters. One is Hon. E. M. Zevely, of Osage, the present incumbent, and the other Dr. Frank de Villbiss, of Spring Garden, Miller County.

For attorney general two new candi-

dates have taken to the field. Representative Herbert S. Kronck, a St. Louis attorney, has been touring the State as a candidate for this office, and has been making considerable progress. The other candidate is Perry S. Rader, reporter of the Supreme Court, who is also a member of the bar.

There are signs that Chauncey I. Filley, the only Republican organizer in Missouri, is becoming active again in politics since the reports have spread that Col. R. C. Kerens was taking unto himself the honor of negotiating with Senator Mark Hanna to become a candidate for the presidency against Roosevelt. Mr. Filley's hand is said to be appearing in the doings of certain State Committeemen, and besides, he has resorted to his old tactics of going among the negroes of St. Louis as a lecturer on slavery topics. It may be that the "old man's" period of elimination has, to his mind, about expired. Perhaps he sees an opportunity to bury Kerens forever. As to Kerens, he appears to be for any one to beat Roosevelt. Though he is now claiming credit for having Hanna figuring on the presidential nomination, it isn't so long ago, that he was a Fairbanks man. In fact, at a banquet in Kansas City, at which the Indiana Senator was a guest, Kerens practically declared himself for Fairbanks.

Some members of Democratic county committees who have been leaning toward the primary as opposed to the

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convention plan of nominating candidates, have recently changed their minds as to the feasibility of the primary. It is quite generally admitted that as far as county officers are concerned the primary plan may work successfully, but when it is applied to districts composed of several counties, it is almost impossible, many of the committeemen say, to confine the vote to members of the Democratic party. And these committeemen also think that all candidates do not get a fair chance such as the convention offers. Besides, they say, the primary is more expensive. This is causing bad feeling in one or two congressional districts. In the Fifteenth, where Congressman Benton and Levi Scott are rival candidates, the primary plan has lost several adherents lately, and a recent meeting of the committee decided upon the primary plan only after considerable bitter discussion. Other committees, it is thought, may come to a deadlock on this question.

Despite the fact that the State committee has declared for him for Vice-President, unquestionably a great honor, it is believed by certain Republicans, in a position to know, that if ex-Mayor Cyrus P. Walbridge has any preference for political honors at all, it is for the Governorship. In fact, just before the State committeemen started for St. Louis last week, in different Republican strongholds of the State an undisguised gubernatorial boom for Mr. Walbridge was started. It was argued that the selection of the ex-Mayor of St. Louis for the Governorship would give the party a chance to get into harmonious action. Mr. Walbridge has held aloof from the warring elements of the party, is admired for his ability, integrity and party fealty, and it is believed he would be of greater service to the Missouri party his selection as the gubernatorial choice, than as the vice-presidential nominee. Moreover, it is argued that it will not be necessary to have a Missouri Republican on the National ticket in order to get out the full strength of the vote in Missouri. It may be that the vice-presidential indorsement given Mr. Walbridge by the State committee was merely a "feeler," a forerunner, probably, to his selection as the gubernatorial choice, State Senator Clarke of Kansas City, who is a leading member of the committee, in a rather tell-tale interview on the indorsement, declared that he was for Mr. Walbridge, not only for Vice-President, but for any office, "even for Governor, if he wants it."

"Did you hear about the game worked on Harker in the skyscraper this morning?" Some sleek chap walked in and told Tarker if he'd give him an umbrella he'd go up to the roof and come down holding on to the handle." "Did he?" "Yes; he came down in the elevator, and I guess he's holding on to the handle yet."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mrs. Highmore (at the opera)—"Isn't she grand? What wonderful technique!" Mrs. Gaswell—"Ye-es, but it looks as if it pinched her about the waist, don't you think?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Jacob French, who writes about Japanese geisha-girls in a current magazine, declares that the stories of the most unheard of orgies told by "imaginative globe-trotters" are "grossly false." "If these travelers," he continues, "saw such revolting sights among the homeless haridans and wastrels of seaport towns, they should have been more accurate in designating them, for these wretched mortals were not geishas." Mr. French thinks that "as the pagan society of Japan is organized, the geishas are simply indispensable." Since "the wife as a social unit is completely submerged, it follows that others of her sex must take her place socially, and in this office the geisha-girls play an important rôle. No matter how gay or even wanton the Japanese husband may be, his wife must remain leal and devoted to him. If she does not, he divorces her without much ceremony, and with no alimony. When he fares forth socially, he does not take her with him." Therefore, the geishas "serve as social substitutes for those wives, sisters and daughters, who are not allowed to be present at a dinner party in a Japanese noble-

man's home, much less in a tea-house." The writer admits that "no small number" of the geishas are to be "ranked among fallen women," but not all. Their usual function is to lend life, color, and gayety to social gatherings. "At a dinner in a 'tea-house' for four guests, you want, if you adhered to conventions, four *maikos* (apprentices) and two geishas, for, say, three hours; and the repast, if elaborate and in a first-class resort, including tips and everything, would cost about seven dollars. The geishas are not only engaged to entertain at tea-houses and private dinners given by noblemen, but they are often invited as companions to enliven box-parties in the theaters. In that way, again, they are as social substitutes. And, however loose may be their talk, the geishas are always modest in their actions." The geishas also occupy a large place as a commercial factor. A wholesale merchant who wishes to sell a large bill of goods invites the prospective buyer to a smart dinner with several pretty geishas. Nearly all the important merchants have a geisha in their employ at a monthly salary. "And politically," says Mr. French, "the geisha is a connecting link,

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a sort of Mme. de Pompadour, between the commonalty and the ruling powers."

NECESSARY FORMALITY

The hero and the villain met in the center of the stage and were preparing to lunge at each other, when a commanding voice cried out:

"Stop!"

Involuntarily they drew back.

"What for?" demanded the hero.

A man of stern aspect left his seat in the fifth row and walked forward to the stage.

"I want to see," he said, "if those foils have union buttons on them."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Grace, can you tell me what is meant by a cubic yard?" "I don't know exactly, but I guess it's a yard that the Cuban children play in."—*Boston Christian Advocate*.

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Few persons in the present workaday world realize the vast and rapid strides in state building that are being made right in their midst. To-day the tide of interstate immigration is greater and more active than in colonial times, but it goes on in such a quiet, inconspicuous manner that very few realize the changes that are taking place in our domestic history and condition. Not long ago Missouri was the Mecca of persons seeking homes and farms, but to-day Arkansas is the destination of the home-seeker and the great army that is daily pouring into this Paradise of the Southwest is carrying with it a mighty sum of money, which will go to the development not only of that State, but of the whole Southwest. From the North, South, East and West the new citizens are coming and all are equipped financially and physically for the somewhat easy task of carving out their fortunes in new and undeveloped country.

Arkansas' great resources and her marvelously mild and healthful climate have just begun to be felt as factors in her development. It is an ideal commonwealth in all respects. Though commonly classed as a Southern State, and consequently considered unbearably hot in summer, it is just the opposite. Several neighboring States in higher latitudes are far warmer in summer than Arkansas, and as evidence that its climate is not excessively hot it is only necessary to refer to the very few cases of sunstroke recorded there. Arkansas' mountains protect her climate. They produce refreshing showers when other States suffer from both heat and drouth. The ailments common and fatal to man such as asthma, pneumonia, catarrh and pulmonary troubles, are practically unknown there. This is due to the mildness of the climate, equality in the seasons and to the purity of its vast natural supply of drinking water. In all parts of the State springs bubble up plentifully to greet man and beast and to make the valleys and woodlands smile. Arkansas' forests and many streams teem with game and fish. In fact, Arkansas has always been the favorite resort of the Nimrod.

Along the lines of the Cotton Belt Railway, which is the greatest agency in the upbuilding of the State, are dozens of hustling, bustling business cities, full of enterprise and bearing on all sides evidences of a high order of citizenship and prosperity. Business opportunities are great everywhere. There are along the Cotton Belt innumerable favorable locations for cities and many villages and hamlets that are rapidly attaining the distinction of towns. As the undeveloped farm land, the richest in the Mississippi Valley, is gradually being taken up by the new citizens, there is an ever increasing demand in other lines of trade. The opportunities are many and varied. Craftsmen and tradesmen find a ready market awaiting them. Money is plentiful; wages are good.

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CONTENTMENT

I envy not the famous men
Of any time or land;
Horatius may have held the bridge,
I've held Myrtilla's hand.

Though Shakespeare may have written plays
And sonnets not a few;
Yet to Myrtilla I have penned
A joyous billet-doux.

Drake may have circled round the globe.
And though they pleased his taste,
Suffice for me to have my arm
Around Myrtilla's waist.

Though Sherman may have made a march
From Georgia to the sea,
A wedding march right up the aisle
Is good enough for me.

—McLanburgh Wilson, in Life.

OUR BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE

A boy who swims may say he's swum,
but milk is skimmed and seldom skum,
and nails you trim, they are not trum.

When words you speak, these words
are spoken, but a nose is tweaked and
can't be twoken, and what you seek is
never soken.

If we forget, then we've forgotten, but
things we wet are never wotten, and
houses let cannot be lotten.

The goods one sells are always sold,
but fears dispelled are not dispold, nor
what you smell is never smoled.

When young, a top you oft saw spun,
but did you see a grin e'er grun or a
potato neatly skun?—*Tit-Bits.*

He was interviewing the miserly rich
man on how to succeed. "My motto has
always been," replied the man of money,
offering his visitor a stogie and lighting
a good cigar himself, "Never Despair."
"I thought," replied the interviewer,
"that it was 'Never Give-Up'—but it
amounts to the same thing, after all."—
Cincinnati Times-Star.

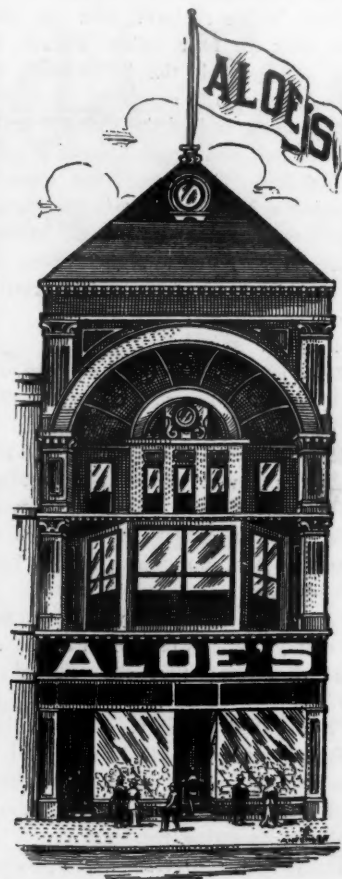
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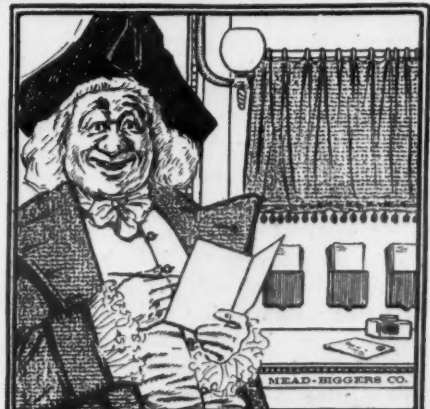
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POLLY AND THE MAN

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

"Did it ever occur to you," said Polly, regarding me from the divan, "that you cannot catch a cat—or a man, either—by running after him?"

I stood in the middle of Polly's den, nursing a scratched finger. Under the divan crouched the big gray Maltese, glaring at me vindictively and glorying in the perfect consciousness that he had just slipped through my fingers, dodged between my legs and left me bleeding with resentment.

"I thought," I remarked, slowly binding up the wound with my handkerchief, "that in this strenuous age it was the only way."

"Only—what?" Polly held the sofa pillow she had been about to tuck under her head poised in mid-air.

"The only way a girl could, you know," I explained boldly.

Polly dropped the sofa pillow and sat up perfectly straight.

"Could what, Mr. Heavyfeather?" she inquired icily.

"Catch a cat—or—er." I hesitated.

"Well?" It was like the gentle immutable falling of the thermometer.

"Or—er," I began weakly.

"Go on!" said Polly.

"Or a car," I finished adroitly.

"Oh!" Polly picked up the scarlet sofa pillow and settled herself back in its folds like the heart of a rose in its petals. "I thought you were going to say 'a man,'" she said sweetly. "As a matter of fact," she went on, "to want to be chased and caught is a purely feminine desire. Now, Tom," indicating the cat with a nod of the head, "is entirely masculine."

"His claws," I remarked, rubbing the back of my hand, "are feminine. The kind they use at the women's clubs, you know."

"Feminine claws," said Polly "generally scratch you in the back. Tom, as you observe, always strikes right out for your face. Besides, his brutality in wounding the hand that attempts to caress him is exactly like a man's. The girl who is a little too fond, or a little too tender, or a little too cordial, is the one who always palls on a man first and receives the rudest snubs. The wife who is too caressing cheapens her caresses and is the first one to find herself rejected. To chase a man is to frighten him, as you frighten the cat, and to send him running to the uttermost parts of the earth, as Tom runs to the uttermost parts of the back yard, when he is bored with our attentions. If a cat or a man wishes to know you, he will make his own advances. He doesn't need encouragement. It is his prerogative to seek the introduction, not yours. Personally, you have completely lost your prestige with Tom," and Polly sent a worsted ball rolling towards the Maltese, who sat quietly cleaning his paws on the rug in front of the fireplace.

"I wish," I said wistfully, "that I had a bone to fling at him."

"What for?" said Polly.

"Because," I said moodily, "if he is like a man, the way to his heart must be through his stomach."

"Pooh!" said Polly. "That is an old fallacy. Did any girl ever fascinate you by inviting you to pink teas or making you welch rabbits? You can get a good cook for four dollars a week, and Tom can get all the bones he wants right out in the kitchen," and Polly picked up an end of the string from the worsted ball and began pulling it gently toward her. "Besides," she went on, "flinging a bone at a cat is like flinging a girl at a man. It doesn't fascinate him. It frightens him. Tom will dodge a bone, just as you dodged the auburn-haired Downing girl—"

"I didn't," said I.

"You liked her until she began making you sofa pillows," asserted Polly.

"I like her now," I declared.

"You used to call there every night until you found that she was always waiting for you in the drawing-room."

"I would call there every night now (Polly looked up quickly) if I hadn't met—"

"And you thought you were going to marry her," went on Polly, "until you discovered that she thought so, too."

"I would—" I began.

Polly almost jerked the ball of worsted from under the nose of the cat.

"I would like to know what you are pulling that string for."

Polly had recovered her equanimity, and was slowly winding the ball of worsted toward her. The cat was watching it cooly, but fascinated.

"He won't run after it," said Polly, "if it is too easy to reach."

"Oh, I see," I remarked. "He feels about it as a fellow does when he knows a girl is sitting up in the drawing-room waiting for him."

"Yes; or when she visits his sister, or drops in at his office for a chat, or asks him to go driving in her trap, or makes him sofa pillows, or—"

"Or, in fact, baits her hook and doesn't hide it."

"Exactly," said Polly; "and that's why I often do this."

"Do what?"

"Draw the string the other way," said Polly, as she watched the cat chasing the bright-colored worsted ball. "Perhaps you have noticed it."

"I haven't," I observed coldly.

"And yet," said Polly, gazing dreamily at the cat, "you have been whole hours and hours getting a kiss, and whole weeks waiting to know whether or not I was going to accept your invitation, and a whole year doubting—"

"And all the time, Polly Lee," said I, putting down my cigarette and gazing at her reproachfully, "you had your mind made up!"

"Yes," said Polly, smiling at the excited cat through half-closed lids, "but a lady's favors are like the worsted ball—only valuable when hard to get."

"Nonsense!" said I. "I once knew a girl who hid her light under a bushel, and now she's forty and she is still paying her own gas bill."

Polly looked at me through drooping lashes.

"I didn't hide the worsted ball under the sofa pillow," she said softly. "It isn't necessary to wear brown crash skirts instead of chiffon ruffles, nor

common-sense heels instead of French ones, nor to forget to curl your hair or powder your nose in order to prove your indifference to a man. It is not the kind of indifference which makes a woman yawn in a man's face that fascinates him, but the kind which takes her out occasionally on the evenings when she knows he will call, the kind that is born of an interest in something or somebody else beside the man; the kind that never discourages him, but always keeps him doubting; the kind that the fisherman practices when he baits his hook and then lets the line hang limply and apparently unnoticed at his side; the kind—"

"Look out, Polly!" I exclaimed as the playful cat crouched for a spring.

"I was perfectly prepared," said she, as he landed full tilt in the very midst of a sea of chiffon ruffles. "Dear old fellow! How he loves ruffles!"

"That's masculine, at any rate," said I.

"And sugar," said Polly, picking a violet bonbon out of the box I had brought, and feeding it to the brute.

"Maybe he'd like a green one, too," said I, fishing out a pistachio cream.

"No, no," cried Polly. "Not any more. He has had quite enough."

"Why?" said I. "He's got nine lives."

"But only one stomach," said Polly. "Besides, like everything else masculine, he is more difficult to hold than to catch. Now, if I should feed him too much sugar—"

"Or rub his fur the wrong way," I broke in.

"Or hold him too tight."

"Or nag him."

"Why he'd simply go scudding off upstairs to Aunt Agatha."

"As a fellow goes scudding off to—more attractive ruffles," I agreed.

"Naughty Tommy," said Polly, shaking her finger at the cat, who was sniffing wistfully at the candy box, "why won't you be satisfied? One is enough for you."

"One would be enough for me," I said, softly getting up from the armchair and going over to the divan; "just one."

"Sh!" said Polly. "Go away, You're frightening him."

"And I wouldn't beg for any more," I pleaded, sitting down as near Polly as the cat would permit me.

"Don't!" exclaimed Polly, "you mustn't."

I reached over and smoothed the cat. "Never mind, old fellow," said I; she's only pulling the ball of worsted away from us."

"Mr. Heavyfeather!"

"And she'll give us both the sugar—after awhile."

"Mr. Heavyfeather, will you kindly go away while I have this cat in my lap?"

"And if I do," said I, "when he gets tired of you, can I—"

"Yes," said Polly. "Now go!"

"M-e-o-w!" yelled the cat, springing to the floor.

I caught Polly and the scarlet pillow in a bundle.

"But," said Polly, five minutes later, as she straightened out the sofa pillow and smoothed the crumpled chiffon ruf-

fles, "I would like to know what made that ungrateful cat run away."

"Perhaps," said I, reaching for my hat, "you gave him too much sugar."

"What? One lump?" said Polly scornfully.

"Or perhaps you rubbed his fur the wrong way."

"Never!" said Polly, with perfect assurance.

"Then perhaps," said I, opening the front door and stepping out upon the piazza, "I pulled his tail.—From the *Washington Post*."

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ORMOND-ON-THE - HALIFAX. Under the management of Messrs. Anderson & Price. Opens Monday, January 11, 1904. Closes Monday, April 11, 1904.

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After February 1 will be operated on both American and European plans.

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" "	Baltimore	" 21 hours 5 minutes
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" "	Chicago	" 32 hours 5 minutes
" "	Detroit	" 32 hours 40 minutes
" "	Toledo	" 31 hours 53 minutes
" "	Cleveland	" 32 hours 40 minutes
" "	Louisville	" 25 hours 50 minutes
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A FIFTY YEARS' RECORD OF EXPANSION:

1853.....	\$ 13,903.57	1893.....	\$4,534,071.66
1873.....	2,285,827.44	1904.....	9,705,610.07

\$916,500 in Dividends Paid to Stockholders in Fifty Years.

Comparative Statement of Condition at Close of Business January 2, 1904:

Assets May 31, 1853.

Loans and Discounts	\$ 400.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	13,503.57

Total\$13,903.57

Assets January 2, 1904.

Loans and Discounts	\$6,107,142.33
Real Estate	109,000.00
St. Louis City and Other Bonds	958,930.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	2,530,537.74

\$9,705,610.07

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Successfully passed through all financial panics from 1857 to date.

Total cash dividends paid to stockholders since organization, \$916,500.00.

Issues letters of credit available throughout the civilized world.

Liabilities May 31, 1853.

Capital	\$ 5,000.00
Surplus and Profits	27.57
Deposits	8,876.00

Total\$13,903.57

Liabilities January 2, 1904.

Capital Stock	\$ 500,000.00
Surplus	1,000,000.00
Undivided Profits	267,806.42
Dividend No. 42	20,000.00
Reserve for Interest and Taxes	30,000.00
Deposits	7,887,803.65

\$9,705,610.07

Pays interest on time deposits at 3 per cent per annum.

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ATHLETICS FOR WOMEN

Miss Lucille Eaton Hill, director of physical training at Wellesley, has made protest against competitive athletics for women, and her warning voice is both timely and rational. She recently expressed her disapproval of basket ball for girls, as a rough-and-tumble game, likely to do more harm than physical good. There may be two sides to this question, and many physical directors do not agree with Miss Hill about basket ball as an aid to feminine culture. But it is undeniably dangerous for young women in their teens to struggle to the limit of their nerve and strength in track and field programmes which include most

of the features of masculine competition, such as the broad and high jumps, shot-putting and hurdling. The opinions of Miss Hill, as made public in a volume on athletics for women, are far more sensible than some of the text, especially that written by Dr. John Blake, on cross-country walking. Here is the other extreme, and if his advice is to be followed, all apostles of the strenuous life must take off their hats to the "healthy girl of ten years old or over, who, if they are brought up to it, can easily cover on fair roads a number of miles equal to their age, or the equivalent of the distance. Young women from 18 to 30 or 35 should be able to do much more under

favorable conditions, even thirty miles in a day."—*Sporting News*.



OVER THE TELEPHONE

"H'lo!"
 "H'lo!"
 "Thatchoo, Pim?"
 "Yeh. Hoozat?"
 "Smee—Nell."
 "H'lo, Nell! Smatter?"
 "Nothin'. Thought 'd call yup. Say, Pim, Juno Tom Dixon?"
 "No. Oozee?"
 "Letcha know some time. Say jeer about Kitten Jim?"
 "No. Whajjaknow 'bout 'em?"

"Don't speak teach other."
 "Wot strubble?"
 "Ida know. Cumminover soon?"
 "Yeh. Guesso. B' choor cumminover tower house first."
 "Willfican. Gotenny fudges?"
 "Lot zuvven."
 "Well, I'll come. G'by!"
 "G'by! Say!"
 "Well?"
 "Don't tell wattitoldjuhabout Kitten Jim."
 "I won't. G'by!"
 "G'by!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

THE STOCK MARKET

Very disappointing has been the record of the market in the past week. Despite the generally bullish feeling, which not even the acute political situation in the Far East could entirely overcome, prices moved sluggishly, narrowly, downwardly. At times there were sharp rallies, creating feeble outbursts of excitement, but they were confined, as a rule, to inactive and, therefore, indifferent shares, whose movements are always guided by manipulative tricksters and whose real value is more or less of a metaphysical quantity. Stocks like St. Paul, New York Central, Atchison, Missouri Pacific and Union Pacific, while of obstinate resisting power, clearly reflected urgent selling on the part of people who had bought them two or three weeks ago on the supposition that they would sell at much higher quotations in the beginning of the new year as a result of strong investment buying.

That there has been some of this sort of buying cannot be doubted. It would seem, however, that it had, as usual, been concluded before January 1st. Experienced, shrewd, calculating investors never make the mistake of buying at the top, or at a time when the market is visibly being rigged by stock-jobbers who are anxious to take advantage of the materialization of promising possibilities. About five weeks ago, it was intimated in these columns that the bull faction would very likely experience a pangful disappointment if it acted on the belief that investment demand early in the new year would be of immense proportions. At the same time, it was stated that investors, after they had received their end-of-the-year interest and dividend checks, would hardly be in much of a hurry to buy shares and bonds in the New York market under existing and prospective conditions.

Since January 1st all previous cautionary words have been abundantly justified. At this writing, the prices for nearly all leading representative stocks are considerably below the level of ten days ago. The hoped-for, urgent, large investment demand has not materialized. For proof of this, *vide* prices for bonds. While the general market still appears

to be a safer purchase, for small profits, than a sale, owing to the improved monetary outlook, and some slight symptoms of betterment in the industrial position, the fact is still patent to all close observers that the market is not yet ripe for a bull movement of respectable dimensions, and that it is distinctly a grave risk to take on too big a load at the present time.

The news from the Orient is somewhat more encouraging. As stated here a week ago, neither side appears to be very aggressive in its demands. Both nations are willing to clutch at anything holding out the faintest hope of a maintenance of peaceful relations. England and France are evidently doing their utmost to effect a *modus vivendi* half-way honorable and satisfactory to both sides. In this effort they obey the law of self-preservation, for an armed struggle between Russia and Japan would make it well nigh impossible for the two other powers to comply with their respective treaty obligations without taking a hand in the fight themselves. The course of European markets in the last few days suggests that peace prospects are growing decidedly brighter. Irrespective of all this, however, it may be asserted with comparative safety that New York is at present influenced more by domestic factors and influences than by vague fears or conjectures regarding a great war in and about Korea.

The Rockefeller-Gould-Cassatt feud has been patched up again. It has, in fact, been patched up so much that it should be a most insubstantial and precarious sort of thing by this time. Yet it still does good service. A few days ago, its reappearance for the 'teenth time led to a brisk demand, and a consequent enhancement of quotations for all interested securities. There were also some ingenious, charming tales about Rockefeller buying in Wisconsin Central and sundry other shares. According to the feverishly fertile imaginations of Wall street investors of fables, the Rockefellers are interested in, or endeavoring to get hold of, everything above, on and beneath our ancient earth.

Late occurrences should warrant the belief that the market is of suspicious, fakish character. It has support, but support of a kind that cannot be relied upon, that may be withdrawn when least expected. The multiplication of ingenious yarns, and the repeated, resolute efforts making to induce the outsider to buy on the "strength" thereof, do not augur well for the future of the market from a bull standpoint. When, after a prolonged downward movement, resort must be had to the fabrication of preposterously thin or utterly distorted tales of possible or probable buying by railroad magnates for visionary purposes, it is surely time to shorten sail and to keep close to shore. A market that cannot be advanced except by the use of such silly, dishonest stratagems, cannot be considered inviting. If it were really sound and strong, it would and should stand on its own legs.

The recent issuing of bonds by the Atchison has not redounded to the advantage of its securities. It has served to recall the nefarious manner in which the directors of this company have in the last year or two been trying to hide

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the fact that they made a ghastly mistake when they began the payment of dividends on the common stock within a few years after the system left the hands of Federal receivers. If conservatism were part of their mental equipment, they would stop paying dividends on the common without further delay. They have no valid excuse for financing of a kind that constantly adds to fixed charges, and works in a sinister way to the detriment and damage of helpless shareholders. The Atchison is a great, splendid system, but it is grievously overburdened. It is in a financial and physical position, but slightly better than that in which the unfortunate Erie still finds itself, notwithstanding all the improvements and economies of the last few years. A period of lean earnings, a serious crop failure in the Southwest, would quickly and startlingly manifest the vicious effects of the Atchison's financial mismanagement.

What's wrong with Rock Island? Every time the price goes up, heavy liquidation speedily forces it back again to its previous level. There is evidently something rotten in Denmark. Is there the possibility of a fight among insiders? The change in the presidency of the road is said to have created bad blood among the members of the Chicago clique of manipulators. If the Moores and Leeds have not as yet sold to outsiders their holdings of stock for which they paid little or nothing, and are not inclined to be forced out of the management, a lively, stirring, and, perhaps, disastrous fight may be looked for.

Currency is flowing back from the interior to New York. This is likely to continue for weeks to come. Between now and April 1st, cash holdings of New York banks are almost always expanding. Barring a renewal of extensive borrowings on the part of corporations, surplus reserves should soon be of very good sized proportions. Whether this monetary improvement will suffice to give stock values a material lift is, however, decidedly problematical. Much will depend on the loan item, which has of late shown a disquieting tendency towards unwelcome inflation.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The drift in prices on the St. Louis Stock Exchange is downwards. No doubt about that. Selling has been good in these latter days. The buying power is nothing to boast of. It takes to hiding very readily. There is some investment buying in bonds, but in shares it is woefully absent. The market lacks "snap" and necessary support. Taken all in all, the situation is not a cheerful one.

United Railways preferred has distinguished itself by a sharp decline. The stock seems fearfully weak. If there is inside buying, it cannot be detected by ordinary means. The collapse in the shares is of ominous significance. Sales have been made at 54½ and 54. At this writing 53½ is bid. Transit is only slightly lower. It moves very suspiciously, however. The last sale was made at 135%. United Railways 4s are down to 75½ bid.

Prices for bank and trust company is-

sues are generally down. Missouri Trust is selling at 115. For Commonwealth 247 is asked, for National Bank of Commerce 293½. For South Side Bank 137½ is bid, for Manchester Bank 152, for Germania Trust 219.

Central Coal & Coke common is selling at 58¾; Granite-Bimetallic at 47½. For National Enameling 19½ is bid; for St. Joe Lead 15¼; for National Candy common 14½, the first preferred 91.

Brewery 6s are being offered at 95¾, and Missouri-Edison 5s at 97¾. For Century Building 6s 102½ is bid.

Business at the local banks is brisk. Country demand is in normal volume. Interest rates are firm at 5½ and 6 per cent. For drafts in New York par is asked. Sterling exchange is strong, being quoted at \$4.85½.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

R. R. E., Louisiana, Mo.—Consider trust company stock named a risky purchase for speculation. While dividend is large and management good, would advise holding off.

S. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—Would let go of Ontario & Western on first moderate rise. Has ever been a "lame duck." Better drop your Illinois Central at same time. Kansas municipal bonds mentioned first class.

D. L. J., St. Charles, Mo.—Sell your railway equipment stock. Won't rise to your level. Insiders evidently pulled out long since.

Puzzled—No mystery about it. Stock dropping with rest of the list. Gold prospect of dividend reduction. Not unlikely that Union Pacific will go to your price. Be cautious. In Reading cream seems to be off.

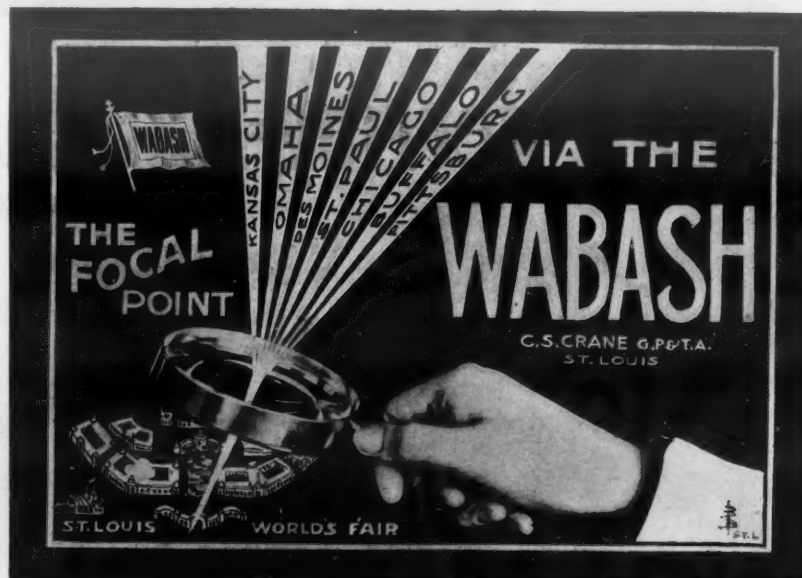
L. L. H., Poplar Bluff, Mo.—Would sell street railway bonds. Kansas City people large sellers. Would not advise buying United Railways 4s at this time.

A NOTABLE RECORD

What a splendid record the German Savings Institution has established for itself! For fifty years it has been in business, a determinative factor in the history and fortunes of St. Louis, and prides itself to-day upon the unexcelled services it has rendered the community, upon the painstaking care it ever has taken of the interests of its shareholders and depositors, upon the accumulation of an one million dollar surplus, of more than two hundred and sixty thousand dollars undivided profits and almost eight million dollars of deposits. Truly a most honorable record, one that any great bank could well be proud of.

CUT ALMOST HALF IN TWO AT DRAUGHON'S COLLEGE.

To accommodate students and teachers of literary schools, Draughon's Practical Business College, corner 10th and Olive, St. Louis, is now making a special summer rate, a reduction of almost one-half. To those teachers who enter for three months, not later than July 10, it will sell the Bookkeeping Course, or the Shorthand and Typewriting Course, for \$25, or all courses combined for only \$30. Penmanship, spelling, etc., is free. This is one of a chain of eight colleges indorsed by business men. Incorporated capital stock, \$300,000. Fourteen bankers on its Board of Directors. Its diploma means something. For catalogue call, write or phone. (Both phones.)



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A PICTURE OF THE PRESIDENT

The President, says a writer in the New York World, takes more physical exercise than any other man in Washington. His favorite enjoyment is to go horse-back riding and to get somebody to go with him. If the friend can't ride very well, the President is fond of dropping back a bit, and then riding up at a hard gallop and shouting a cowboy "Whoopee!" at the top of his voice. He does this to Senator Lodge very often, and Lodge hangs grimly to the pommel of the saddle while the President laughs.

The President is very sensitive to newspaper criticism. He lectures reporters severely when they print anything he does not like. He thinks nothing should be printed in administration papers that is in any way incompatible with his dignity, whether the story is true or not. He has had two reporters removed from their assignments within the last two years for printing things he did not like. He wrote personal letters to the editors about these reporters, too, and both of them had printed true stories. Similarly the President is fond of praise. He likes to read nice sentiments about himself in the newspapers. He is not so great a newspaper reader as President McKinley was, but he patronizes the press-clipping bureaus, and pores over the clippings every day. President Roosevelt is generous with his confidences. He will tell his friends anything, and then bind them not to reveal what he has said. This makes it inconvenient sometimes for newspaper men who go to see him, for the President tells the same thing to everybody, and often the story gets out when the man to whom it was told originally must hold it in confidence or break his word.

The President gets angry easily. He says harsh things to those who run afoul of him. When he gets excited he can use triangular words with anybody. When he isn't excited his favorite words

of emphasis are, "By Godfrey!" and "By Jove!" The President is a very hearty eater. His appetite is prodigious. He likes a bottle of white wine with his dinner. He drinks very little besides that. The President says he is "de-light-ed" fifty times a day. He is "de-light-ed" to see you, "de-light-ed" to hear you are well, and "de-light-ed" everything else.

Mr. Roosevelt always starts his speeches the same way. He says, "Ladies and gentlemen," and "you, Sons of Veterans," or "you" something else, or "you" thus and so. He likes to pick out a man in his audience and talk to him. He did this at Syracuse when he opened the State Fair, picking out a Grand Army man, and addressing him exclusively for five minutes, much to the embarrassment of the Grand Army man. Mr. Roosevelt is not an attractive public speaker. He generally reads his speeches from printed slips, and keeps close to the text. He writes and dictates, fluently, and has an especial fondness for the word "very," which is sprinkled through his public addresses and documents and his private correspondence.

The President's enthusiasms are violent, but not long-lived. He always wants to do everything himself. He takes a hand in all arrangements, and gives orders about the most trivial affairs. He formerly had no compunction about saying things about his enemies. Now he thinks it is as well to say nothing, if nothing good can be said. His actions in the last two years have been mainly directed by the chart of 1904. He is sharp and stern with his subordinates, dictatorial and severe. He sometimes makes a joke, but really has a poor sense of humor. His jokes are generally sad. Witness the famous Secretary Shaw joke, when he told Shaw, during the coal-strike settlement, he would send him "back to de mines (Des Moines)." Shaw comes from

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Portland, Maine.

Iowa, you know. The President lectures senators and representatives at times as if they were school-boys. He calls them up to the White House and lays down common statements of fact as if they were new discoveries by himself. He thinks in conventional lines, notwithstanding his reputation for originality. He is platitudinous.



"Stop!" she cried, when he attempted to kiss her; "you must!" The youth, being unaccustomed to that sort of thing, drew back abashed. "Stop!" she repeated, noticing his timidity; "you mussed—my hair." Then he resumed, but more carefully.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Junior Partner (a few days after Christmas)—"I don't think we ought to mark these goods down to such a figure as that. It's less than half cost. We can't replace them for double the price." Senior Partner—"We won't have to, my boy. It's perfectly safe. Nobody has any money now."—Chicago Tribune.



"So that heiress married a titled foreigner." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "How do they get on?" "It's a little confusing as yet. Whenever she wants to know who the distinguished members of her family are, she has to ask him. And whenever he wants to know how much he is worth, he has to ask her."—Washington Star.

The Mirror

MEXICO

BEST REACHED VIA

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

THROUGH LAREDO GATEWAY

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST LINE

BETWEEN

St. Louis and City of Mexico

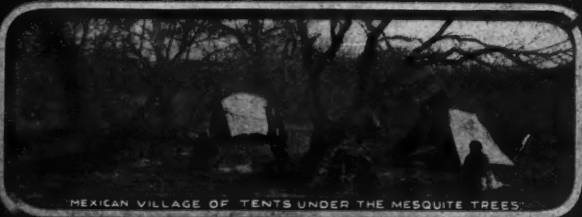
ELEGANT THROUGH SLEEPING CAR SERVICE
LEAVING ST. LOUIS 8.40 P.M. DAILY

FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET AND FURTHER INFORMATION
ADDRESS

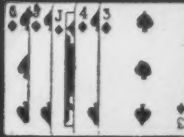
H. F. Berkley, P. & T.
Agent, St. Louis,

OR

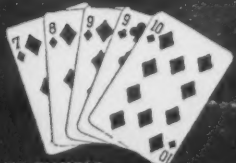
H. C. Townsend, G. P. &
T. Agent, St. Louis.



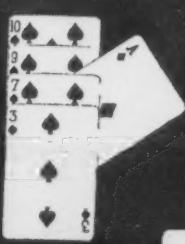
MEXICAN VILLAGE OF TENTS UNDER THE MESQUITE TREES




WHAT DOES THIS KNAVE
HERE GET YOU DONE,
SIRRAH?
HE'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL




"A DIAMOND
CONE COST ME
TWO THOUSAND
OUCATS."
MERCHANT OF VENICE




"OUT, DAMNED SPOT!
OUT, I SAY."
MACBETH



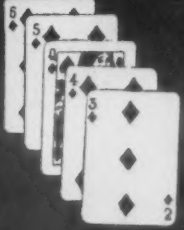
"TIS A CONSUMMATION
DEVOUTLY TO BE
WISHED."
HAMLET




"HERE STAND A PAIR OF
HONORABLE MEN."
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA




"THE DUEN BEING ABSENT
TIS A NEEDFUL FITNESS
THAT WE ADJOURN
THIS COURT."
KING HENRY VIII



"A LADY WALLED
ABOUT WITH
DIAMONDS."
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST



"YET BUT THREE
COME ONE MORE"
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM



"I KNOW THE HAND—
IN FAITH 'TIS A FAIR
HAND."
MERCHANT OF VENICE

Shakespeare
Draw Poker

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The Mirror

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Change From St. Louis

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